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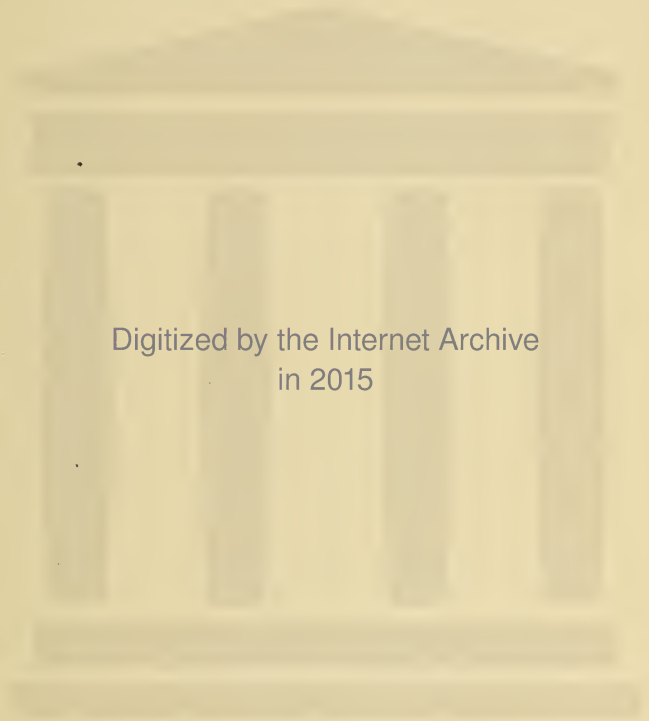

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THE
WOODSTOCK
LETTERS

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PRIEST-PRISONER IN RUSSIA*

STEPHEN KRUCZKOWSKI

I. Prelude to Sorrow

On September 1st, 1939, German panzer divisions swarmed across the western borders of Poland and the first great blitzkrieg was on. September 17th, 1939, saw the Soviet Union begin its occupation of Eastern Poland. A few days later, the Molotov-von Ribbentrop pact of May 1939, which had arranged a division of Poland, was revealed. Polish territory was declared annexed to the White Russian and Ukrainian Republics.

The occupation of Eastern Poland was, for the Poles in those regions, the beginning of misery. Shops gradually ran out of supplies. Hundreds of hungry people could be seen waiting in line before empty stores. The warehouses were systematically plundered. Factories were idle. Fear began to gnaw at Polish hearts. The Russians, however, refrained for a time from any strong measures against the Polish people or the Catholic Church. In the first months, arrests were few. But our Soviet masters were, nevertheless, quietly setting up the system which would end in the de-

* We give here in a shortened form Father Kruczkowski's unpublished manuscript *Through Barred Windows*. The condensed account has been read and corrected by the author. —Editor.

portation of nearly a million and a half Poles to Siberia, Kazakstan, the Far East and to other points in the Soviet Union.

In October 1939 a significant event took place. Wilno, where I was then living, was separated from Poland by the Russians and, in return for military bases along the Baltic, turned over to the Lithuanians. We Poles in Wilno breathed more easily for a time since we thought that the Lithuanians would be infinitely better to us than the Russians. Unfortunately we were destined to be sadly disappointed in our new masters. So much so indeed, that when in June 1940, Lithuania in its turn was incorporated into the Soviet Union some Poles in desperation carried their troubles to the Russian officers commanding the Soviet garrisons. As we look back now, we see how delighted those officials must have been. Their plan of fomenting internal strife in Lithuania was successful; they had the desired excuse for annexation. Indeed, among the reasons publicly given for the step was persecution of the Poles and the Catholic Church.

The Bolshevists now began in earnest the communization of Lithuania and the Communist government of Lithuania-USSR which was set up began to wipe out every vestige of Polish culture. Very few Poles were tolerated even in positions of minor importance. All Polish residents were compelled to speak Lithuanian and to spell their names according to Lithuanian usage. The school year of 1940-1941 saw the advent of militant atheism. Religious instruction in the schools was outlawed and in its stead Marxism was taught. The training of young communist leaders was inaugurated. Newspapers and radio became exclusive channels of Russian propaganda. Religion was tolerated, it is true, and the churches were still open but exorbitant prices were placed on any materials which church or churchmen might need. Taxes on church property also rose sharply. When the people generously enabled their pastors to meet these demands, the officials increased ecclesiastical taxes still more.

Spying and informing were, moreover, organized on

a grand scale. Every dwelling, every office, every social organization was honeycombed with spies, many of them children. Weekly signed reports poured into the offices of the secret police, the NKVD. This information was the seed of future deportations. Prisons began to fill up. Every now and then some person of note would disappear without leaving a trace. In October 1940 all Polish refugees in Lithuania were compelled to register personally at the offices of the NKVD. In January 1941, all were carefully examined. We were offered Lithuanian-USSR citizenship and invited to collaborate in the development of the Communist paradise. When my turn came, I told the officials bluntly that their offer did not interest me. I was a Pole by birth, a Westerner by culture, and I did not desire to renounce my birthright. Moreover I could never accept their materialistic and anti-religious outlook. Would they allow me to finish my studies in Wilno and then return to my native Poland? The officials tried to reason with me for a time but before long they were threatening me with banishment to the land of white bears. I had known that my stand would have this result. Knowingly and willingly I had chosen the way of the cross. As a Pole, a Christian, and a Catholic priest, I could not back out. About forty per cent of the Polish refugees in Lithuania were with me in my refusal.

Before our arrest and deportation we had considered the possibility of a forced trip to Siberia and had tried to reconcile ourselves to it. We could in conscience take no steps to save ourselves by any compromise with the Soviet government. We had all of course heard appalling tales of Siberia but we were determined to face whatever might await us. The most consoling thought for me personally was that of my priestly character. As a priest, I looked forward to the day when I should be able to serve my people in danger and sorrow. From Poles who had preceded us in exile we had received moving pleas for food and clothing but especially for someone to break for them the Bread of Life.

The rumors of a war between Germany and Russia which began to circulate in the Spring of 1941 increased our sense of insecurity. Were they but another form of subtle propaganda? It seemed not. They were daily confirmed by the London radio. In addition there was the stream of Russian soldiers and munitions moving westward and air-raid shelters were being hastily constructed. Would war bring freedom to the Poles?

II. Into the Unknown

In June 1941, the Bolshevists called me from the study of theology to the school of life. At that time long lines of freight cars with barred windows were noticed at Wilno and a nearby station. We knew what that meant and began to prepare for the worst. On June 14th arrests were being made in all parts of the city all day long. My name was not drawn. The next day was the Sunday within the octave of Corpus Christi. A procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament was organized within the church. In such perilous times we dared not go outside. As we were nearing the fourth altar for the final benediction, the summons reached me. I pressed the hand of the priest directing the procession and at once left the Church.

Outside I was met by five armed men: two NKVD officials, two Lithuanian policemen, and a Polish boy in the service of Russia. In an affable manner, they asked me to show them to my room. Once there, the leader of the group informed me that I was under arrest for refusing the offer of citizenship. That refusal and my desire to return to the West were proof enough that I had leanings to Nazism.

During the search of my room and my effects which followed, my captors observed all the amenities. I asked for time to gather my personal belongings. They gave me an hour. My companions came to my room to give me things for the long journey ahead and to say good-bye. I took clothes not only for myself but for Poles who had already gone to Russia. In

addition I packed a set of locksmith's tools. One precious gift was a sleeveless, fur-lined jacket. While the police were going through my desk, I slipped a Mass kit into the big sack which with two valises made up my luggage. I learned later on that valises of any kind are frowned upon in the Soviet Union. There people carry their belongings in bundles.

According to the best Russian technique arrests, and especially big roundups, are usually made at night. It is not extraordinary to have one's door battered in with the butt of a rifle and to be given no time at all to pack. Trickery and deception are also frequently resorted to. In my case, however, everything was done quietly and openly. By the time preparations for my departure were completed, the Corpus Christi services were over and the people waited at the door to see what would happen. Bitter tears filled many eyes.

Dressed in clerical clothes, which I had resolutely refused to part with, I was driven by my five captors to the station of Nova Vilejka, five miles from Wilno. Here there were a number of trains filled with departing Poles, Lithuanians and Jews. Farewells had to be made, or attempted, through barred windows. Towards sunset we left for the mysterious future. We made the sign of the cross and commended ourselves to the special protection of our Lady of Ostra Brama whose children in this hour of forced exile we felt ourselves to be in a special way.

No one travels in luxury or even in comfort at Russian expense. As a rule ninety persons with whatever little luggage was allowed to them were crowded into each boxcar. Makeshift beds of board were arranged in three tiers along the walls, cramping the already confined quarters. Life in such circumstances was extremely difficult. The only toilet facility was a hole in the center of the car. There was not the slightest bit of privacy. In mid-June the crowded conditions necessarily produced a sickening stench. The four small windows with which the car was provided would not have been sufficient for ventilation. But

to make matters worse, two of them were locked at all times and the other two were barred. As we rolled along we often saw cars like our own, crowded with human cargo, standing on sidings or attached to moving trains.

We did not suffer from hunger. Nearly everybody had contrived to bring along food enough to last for at least a few days. Those who had been able to find nothing were not allowed to go hungry. Among companions in misery, charity blooms beautifully up to the point where starvation brings out the brute in man. Moreover there was a Lithuanian canteen, where, under guard, we could buy supplies. Soon the crowding, the recurrent embarrassment, the heat and the sleeplessness were going to become accepted features of our lives. The bare fact of living gave us joy. Lack of sufficient water was the only serious drawback.

In our car, all were men but there were women in some cars. Mutual acquaintance all around was soon accomplished. My soutane marked me as a priest but my relations with the other captives were without strain. As soon as the train started, many Catholics knelt down quietly in a corner waiting for their turn to go to confession. It was a joy to be helpful. I tried to be sympathetic and cheerful. This attitude won me friends not only among the Poles but also among the Lithuanians and Jews. We all felt that we were brethren in the clutches of a stern relentless master. Often our conversations were prolonged far into the night. Each man told of his family, his arrest and what he had lost. Some had been apprehended forcibly, others by trickery, still others were taken under the eyes of their families and friends. Some had not been permitted to bring the most necessary belongings. Grief clutched the hearts of many as they listened to the stories of disrupted families and asked themselves the tragic, hopeless question: "Where are my wife and children now?"

On the morning of June sixteenth we crossed the Polish-White Russian border. Now we were in an

alien land, an officially Godless country, the home of an atheistic dictatorship. During our passage through Minsk, a large city with many new factories in its wooded environs, not a single church steeple was seen. This brought a chilly feeling and the realization that we were in a country alien to the whole of Catholic culture. Then came Smolensk which had been a Polish city till the end of the eighteenth century. Here churches, among them a beautiful one in the baroque style, were seen but the surroundings made us conclude that they were probably being used as stores.

With the aid of a smuggled compass, we learned that our travels from Smolensk were in a southeasterly direction. Through the barred windows we saw at times virgin forests, at other times immense plains. The dwellings of the villagers in the Ukraine appeared to be crude and ill-kept.

My first mass as a captive was said while the train was in motion, so that I might escape detection. Clad in my black soutane and a short stole, I offered Mass as the representative of the victims of Soviet oppression. The members of my congregation were moved to the depths of their being.

III. In the Donetz River Basin

On June 20th, 1941, after five days of cramped quarters and of screeching wheels, our train came to a stop at Starobelsk in the Donetz River basin in southeastern Ukraine. Apparently we were destined at the time for work in the mines of the region. We detrained and our baggage was piled in trucks. Then, eighteen hundred strong, we marched three and a half miles through heavy rain and under close guard to a suburb. During this forced march I endeavored to support and assist two old men. Even active youths found the going through the sticky mud far from easy; for these octogenarians it was nearly impossible.

After the march we were detained four long hours in a courtyard until finally an Orthodox church was

assigned as our quarters. The church was comparatively new and apparently had been constructed shortly before the Communists seized power. It was, I must say, designed in quite a pleasing style. Crosses and icons had, however, been destroyed and the interior had been converted into a barracks to accommodate groups like ours by the addition of a second story. Both floors were closely packed with triple-tiered board bunks. To our pleasant surprise we found our quarters comparatively clean. Floors and bunks had been recently washed and disinfected. The walls had even been painted. Still many windows were smashed and in the sacristies the primitive latrines (barrels cut in two and attached to poles somewhat on the order of stretcher handles) emitted a nauseating stench. Names and dates, scribbled on the board bunks and unpainted walls, informed us that we were not the first guests. Polish names predominated and the dates seemed to prove that, since the tragic September of 1939, Poles had been deported in ever-increasing numbers.

It is quite difficult to give an exact description of our feelings in this Soviet "hotel." We could not protest the desecration of the house of God because of the ever ready rifle butts of our guards. To atone in some measure for the irreverence, I made secret plans to say Mass. But next morning before I could do so we were ordered out of the church to make room for a group of prisoners newly arrived from Estonia.

Now we were housed not far from the church in small, dirty, vermin-infested shacks. The bedbugs were so bad that I had to make a sleeping bag of a sheet before I could go to sleep. As I came to know more about my eighteen hundred companions in captivity, I found to my surprise that there were four other priests and three seminarians among them. I also met many who had been high officials in Poland and Lithuania before their arrest. Priestly duties were performed at night for the most part. The circumstances contributed to bring many back to God. The most

difficult task for us priests was to instill new courage into hearts which had long been given to brooding and dejection. To those who did not have deep-seated religious convictions, suicide offered an inviting way of escape. We did our best to console all by arousing trust in God's providence.

Despite everything, I was able to say Mass again, this time kneeling on my bed in the upper bunk with the roof against my back. The men who assisted at that holy sacrifice in that dirty, crowded shack were to all outward appearances quietly mending their clothes. All were deeply moved. Some could not restrain their tears. Their dire need, their low spirits, and their lack of any human hope seemed to contribute to make their communions the most fervent of their lives. Their Heavenly Father seemed visibly to comfort them.

Up to this time the treatment meted out to us was tolerable. We received hot soup twice a day, together with plenty of soggy bread and a little sugar. At times bread could even be seen in the waste baskets. Aside from those which necessarily accompany imprisonment, there were no annoying regulations or punishments.

War with Germany must have been the reason back of the change of Soviet plan in our regard. After two days in the vermin-ridden shacks, the attitude of our guards suddenly changed. On the evening of June 22nd, they were seen removing electric lights from all sockets within the enclosure. We were told that they were going to wash the bulbs! Of course we suspected that war had broken out. The next day our suspicions were confirmed by a prisoner who had learned the news with certainty while working in the kitchen.

That same day we were told to prepare for departure again. We did so with a new, if secret joy. Most of us and especially the Lithuanians, hoped that the war would be another blitzkrieg and felt that, as slaves of Russia, we would be liberated by the Nazis.

At any rate our course for the present lay into the mysterious depths of the Soviet Union.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of June 23rd our group was herded together in a courtyard with all our possessions in our hands. According to Soviet procedure in departures a general inspection was held. I personally was in no hurry to be examined and managed to be nearly last in line. My Mass kit had to be smuggled through. This was a difficult task, since some NKVD officials stood around and looked on, while others conducted the search. I had already consumed all the unconsecrated hosts I had with me. My stole was easily concealed in the lining of my coat. The altar linens would pass as handkerchiefs. My little store of wine was put in three little bottles and safely hidden in a loaf of bread. The real problem was the chalice.

When my turn for inspection came, it was past midnight. The inspection area was brightly lighted and the guards were alert. I was able, however, to throw my chalice into the bag of a companion who had already undergone the examination. My locksmith's tools, however, were taken by the guard. This was a blow as I had looked forward to them as a means of livelihood in Russia. But I was delighted when the guards allowed me to keep my breviary, missal and other religious books. They would be, of course, very useful for a priest. My compass I had buried in the courtyard, nor was I the only one who had concealed treasures in this way. After the search was over, we hoped to recover them. The Bolshevists beat us at our own game, however, for in the morning we found that they had raked and swept the courtyard thoroughly after we had been dismissed. My compass was in the pocket of an inspector.

It was at Starobelsk, that we priests began to realize that it would be unwise to proclaim openly our priesthood. I posed thereafter as a locksmith, since the Russians had promised that each might work at

his own trade. This I did even though the guard had confiscated my tools.

IV. Journey to Siberia

Our next cramped and crowded journey occupied ten days, June 24th to July 3rd, 1941. The fact of the Russo-German war was now obvious. Far from the front though we were, we caught glimpses, through the barred windows, of concentrations of horses, trucks and tractors. Flags and banners with anti-German slogans were everywhere. The treatment accorded us began to grow harsher. We were now given just enough bread together with some salted fish in rather questionable condition, and water was doled out so sparingly that we suffered agony from thirst. Once a day we received tea made from the peelings of fruit used in making preserves. The summer weather turned our boxcar into an oven. Since there were not bunks enough to go around some of us had to sleep during the day-time. Before the end of this long trek all were thoroughly exhausted and some began to fall victim to fainting spells.

Our train rolled rapidly onward. The position of the sun revealed to us that this time we were going northward and northeastward. We could not make out the names of the stations through which we passed and the railway men were forbidden to furnish information.

After some days the train began to run through long tunnels in a beautiful mountainous country. We knew that we were in the Urals. When we reached Sverdlovsk, we found that it is a very large city with great factories and enormous warehouses. Beyond the city, we entered an area of swamps in which a few small trees were growing. In the distance we saw vast forests. At various stations small groups of prisoners detrained.

On the feasts of Sts. Peter and Paul, I again celebrated Mass on the moving train. Everyone prayed with great fervor for family, fatherland and his own

future. Prayer, indeed, seemed to have taken on a new meaning for all of us.

On July 3rd, our train reached its northern terminus, Sosva on the Sosva River which joins with the Lozva River a short distance away to form the Tavda. For three days we camped under the open sky waiting for barges to take us upstream. During these days we had occasion to ask a middle-aged woman who was standing with her children at a well for water. Before a guard intervened we learned that she was Polish, a member of a group which had been exiled more than a year before.

On Sunday, July 6th, a scene took place which is still vivid in my memory. In the north, summer nights are very short. About three in the morning the sun began to light up the sky. Word went 'round the camp that there would be mass at 4 o'clock. Slowly and quietly, Poles, Lithuanians, Protestants, Estonians and even Jews came from all sides and gathered before the trunk which I was to use as an altar. The Soviet guards, who were often brutal enough with their guns, now pretended to be quite unaware that anything was going on. One guard, near the improvised altar, uncovered his head at the consecration, hesitatingly sank to his knees, and made an awkward sign of the cross. We learned that he was one of numberless Ukrainians whom the government had exiled years before.

The next day, we were ordered to shoulder all our baggage for a short march. We plodded along slowly skirting the town. The short march proved to be fully two miles. Along the way we met another group of Poles engaged in building a house.

As the afternoon wore on, we saw two flat barges being towed down the river by a tugboat. About three hundred and fifty captives with all their belongings were embarked on each of the barges. The conditions would have been better suited for cattle than for human beings. Slowly the tug boat pulled

us from the Sosva River into the Lozva and up the latter.

When we awoke the following morning, we found that we had arrived at our destination, a large lumber-town called Gari on the Lozva River. We were served porridge for breakfast and then marched off with a promise that our luggage would follow the next day. The road wound through swampy fields and forests. Barley and corn were growing in the fields but because of the late Siberian spring they were not very far advanced. Two miles from the river, the terrain was more hilly and pleasant. We passed small villages, abandoned collective farms, and three barbed-wire enclosures for prisoners.

Late that evening, after a march of about thirteen miles, some 700 of us reached the lumber camp which was to be our prison for the next six months. Through a break in the forest we caught a glimpse of watch-towers, barracks and barbed-wire fences. We were herded into a large field of high grass. Around the edges of the field were guards with tommy guns. At regular intervals there were signs, nailed to posts, warning against any attempt to escape.

V. Siberian Lumberjacks

Although we had reached the camp, we were not admitted within the enclosure but kept under guard in the grassy field. Each received a bowl of porridge for supper and then the commander of the camp greeted us in Russian. He spoke briefly and in a friendly but ironical tone. We had come, he informed us, not as idle guests of the Soviet Union but to begin a new life by performing creative work for it.

That night we slept in the grass without any other covering than our clothes and whatever we had brought with us. Since our thirteen mile walk had tired us out, most of us slept soundly. Fortunately the night was pleasantly warm but toward morning we were awakened by raindrops. That day was cold and damp. The inspection, which began two days later, was careful and slow. While we waited, some of us tried to erect

crude shelters. As the rain did not let up, the officials finally allowed us to seek shelter in a straw-thatched building nearby.

During this period of waiting to get into our prison enclosure, the thought of escape haunted us. It was so easy to slip away into the forest! Eight men of our group tried it. Rumor had it that they were all caught sooner or later and shot, but after liberation we had the happiness of meeting some of them.

After three full days devoted to inspection, our group was finally within the barbed-wire enclosure. Since the dirt roads of Siberia are practically impassable in bad weather, the baggage did not arrive until July 12th. When it did come, it was gone through again by the officials. This was the third time we had been searched and it was the most offensive of all. Especially when they found religious articles, were the guards violent and insulting. Rosaries were broken, crucifixes smashed and blasphemous remarks were common. Most of us Catholics remained silent and stunned, but some of the more courageous reminded their captors of divine vengeance.

When the time came for the inspection of my baggage, I was quite alarmed. My breviary and other books were taken away. A laborer, I was told, did not need to read, and my books, since they were religious, were considered propaganda. Among my possessions was a confession-counter of my own manufacture. The guards were quite interested and asked what I used it for. I replied that it could be used to count prayers, trees cut down and other objects. To my delight although the sock containing my chalice was fingered by a guard, it was not examined. A small prayerbook, which could serve as a missal, also escaped notice. One of the guards opened the largest of the cans of meat I had brought along; but, finding it was what it purported to be, he returned it. My joy about the chalice caused me to pass the meat around with a light heart.

For some days we were not forced to work. During this time I prepared some hosts from ordinary wheat

bread which I had brought from Wilno. Another occupation was war on the myriads of bedbugs with which the barracks were infested. Many of the men spent much of their time venting their suppressed rage on these annoying creatures.

Finally our various tasks were assigned us. Little regard was had for trade or experience. A Lithuanian general was made fire-chief; a former minister of state was transformed into a cook; a professor was given charge of the filthy latrines; because I was young and strong, I was enrolled among the lumberjacks, a post which all tried to avoid.

July 16th was my first working day. At 6 A.M. thirty of us in my group marched to the forest. The first project was, fortunately, near the camp. We were divided into groups of three or four and told that our quota for the first two weeks would be half the usual one. With an admonition to be careful not to get hurt when felling trees, the guards ordered us to begin work. When we returned to camp at seven o'clock that night, we were unanimous in our opinion that even our reduced quota was in excess of what we could accomplish.

According to publicized Soviet rules, the quotas of workers are always set according to the individual's strength. Actually the prescribed medical examinations depend on the caprice of the camp's officials. The consequence was that those who looked strong without being so were in serious danger. Invalids and old men were required to do less work but also were given less food. Each camp had a first-aid room and for every ten camps, each containing at least 500 men and some as many as 2000, there was a very primitive hospital. The doctors were, as a rule, captives and their medical and surgical equipment was practically non-existent. There were no women in our camp but we learned that some were working as lumberjacks in the forests. The assigned quotas called for each man to produce, after the initial training period, two cords of firewood or four and a half cords of trimmed logs every day. We soon found out that these figures could be attained

only by enormous effort and that consequently the pace could not be maintained. In our camp there were some thirty who, hoping for better food and treatment, tried to qualify as eager beavers. Without exception they ruined their health and died before liberation. We were being continually told by our guards that, if we worked harder, we would be given better food. We retorted that we needed more and better food if we were to do more work. The only way to survive was to resort to trickery. Incidentally we soon perceived that according to European standards, the lumbering methods in use in the immense Siberian forests were very wasteful.

The group of which I was a member did not work near the camp very long. We moved off to a spot about a mile away. Two guards were assigned to each group and after two hours of toil a little time for rest was granted. If it was raining, we would attempt during these periods to dry our clothes at fires. One day when specially heavy rain fell, we were allowed to return to camp at about five o'clock. Faced with the dilemma of fulfilling our quotas and perishing, or resorting to trickery and taking a chance of detection, the majority of us did not scruple to deceive our captors in every way. We resolved to do as little as possible. By various ingenious strategems, we were able to have cords recounted which had been counted and marked. One way was to cut off and burn the mark. As a result the official record of work accomplished must have been far in excess of what was actually done.

Clothing soon became an acute problem. All the camp supplied was second-hand felt. Shoes were at a premium and soon many were wearing boots made from the bark of trees. For a time in the winter I was employed as a shoemaker. The quota fixed was six birch-bark pair a day. Try as I would, I could not produce more than four pairs. Quantity not quality was the standard in Siberia.

Siberian birch bark is smooth and white as paper. Since it was easy to peel it off in thin layers, I did so

and made myself a little notebook. But guards were watching and they confiscated it. We were, however, allowed to use bark for leggings which proved quite a protection for our torn trousers.

So with improvised shoes and clothing as well as with axe and saw, we marched daily to the forests. Up to the late Fall of 1941, after months of captivity, there was still some joy in life for us. We were learning to live by our wits, subsisting as best we could on the miserly rations and fulfilling our quotas by sharp practice.

VI. Struggle for Survival

As time wore on, food became the important problem for us captives as it is the great problem of the Soviet Union. When men are forced in a northern climate to go without proper nourishment for months, many debased attitudes put in an appearance. Our days were haunted by the desire of food and we dreamed only of it. Life was a battle for it and many died with no other thought in their heads. This was not due in the least to a materialistic outlook. It simply meant that the body sorely needed help and made its needs known. Manners and gentility soon became matters of quite secondary importance.

Hungry men rapidly become passive instruments in the hands of their masters. A bullet is merciful because it means quick extinction. But hunger creeps up on one and by continuous, tantalizing, pressure breaks down morale. Hunger is the Russian cure for counter-revolution. It teaches men effectively that life comes before philosophy. *Primum est vivere, deinde philosophari.*

In our camp we were fed twice a day and food was rationed in the following way. Those who produced only about half their quota were given in the morning for breakfast and dinner three-quarters of a pound of bread, a little less than a quart of soup and some fish. In the evening about nine o'clock they received another quart of soup, nothing more. Twenty per cent

of our camp were in this category. Those who produced about seventy-five per cent of their quota, and these constituted over half of us, received a half a pound more of bread in the morning and thick porridge was added to their soup in the evening. The fifteen per cent who produced their full quota received more bread, better soup and better fish in the morning although their evening meal was not much better than that of the preceding class. Our eager beavers received two pounds of bread in the morning and a good piece of fish. At supper in addition to the soup, they were given bread and a little meat.

The food was always inferior and its quality steadily deteriorated. The bread was heavy, soggy and quite dark in color. The soup got thinner and thinner as the months passed until during our last weeks it was a watery gruel. Obviously war was one of the causes of the increasingly miserable fare doled out to us.

When breakfast was finished, we went to the forest with dinner pails at our sides. The frequent rains made the walks, which steadily became longer, very trying. We were hungry long before midday. Only a few had been strong-willed enough to save anything for dinner from the morning's dole. In the evening we staggered back to camp bedraggled, exhausted and craving that quart of soup. Occasionally in the early days of our stay in the camp we found a small piece of meat in our soup. It was devoured at once with no thought about its quality or origin.

Supper under these conditions often degenerated into a savage struggle. In the packed dining room each group would queue up and file past a small window where each received his quart of soup. The dishes were crude, fit for animals rather than for human beings, but there was never anything left in them when these starving men got through eating. At times the precious soup was spilled; the victims of the accident, knowing they would get no more, went down on their knees and salvaged what they could. When the eager beavers threw the bones from their meat under the

table, gaunt-faced fellow captives fought for them like dogs. The head and bones of herring were also devoured when they could be obtained. It is true that there was a group among us who refused to stoop to these tactics. But it was a small group.

The craving for tobacco was for some even stronger than that for food. During our first weeks in Russia we were well supplied with cigarettes and later with an inferior brand from Bessarabia. But soon tobacco could only be bought from speculators who were not lacking among the captives even in these circumstances. Some of the minor officials connived at this infamy.

Smokers were always popular and were plagued for a drag or two with promises that the favor would be returned. Inveterate smokers would even sacrifice a considerable portion of their bread for the most inferior kind of cigarette. What a sight it was to see hunger-crazed men buying in frenzied eagerness worthless cigarettes with food for lack of which they soon died!

My dinner pail was an aluminum kettle which I had brought from Wilno. With its aid, five of us devised a scheme which gave us some sort of a meal at noon time. Each morning each of the five put a spoonful of porridge, a little piece of bread and the head and bones of a fish into the kettle. Within the enclosure, I had discovered a patch of edible orach grass. Each evening I would pluck, cleanse, and cut up some of it and put it into the kettle. In the woods the members of our lunch club were on the lookout for mushrooms, berries, vegetables, etc. They went into the kettle too. Of course we had to keep our secret from our fellow captives, as well as from the guards, and this was difficult. Since I had charge of our group's fire, I was in charge of preparing our concoction. When the whistle blew at twelve, the five of us would eat apart from the others although on occasion we shared our meagre fare with some who needed it desperately. As time went on, nettles and

even thistles replaced the orach grass in our magic kettle. Even these had to be obtained not infrequently at risk of a bullet from a stern guard. For a time our work took us through a cabbage patch. What a paradise that would have been if it had not been for the eagle-eyed guards. Despite them, however, cabbage leaves steadily found their way into the kettle and sometimes a hooked stick just happened to have a head of cabbage dangling on the end. Even when the authorities had harvested the cabbage crop, we still salvaged edible parts of rotten leaves which had been discarded. Strangely enough, though we ate everything we thought edible, we were never poisoned. Only once did our strange ambrosia make us sick. Rather it saved us from scurvy which cost our fellow captives their teeth. Its one bad effect was to make us sleepy and lazy.

Many pictures of the Russian captive could be painted. Some would show him scrawny and emaciated. Others would depict a face bloated by disease. In all he would appear as Lazarus covered with sores. None would show him without the tin pail at his belt. If the picture were of me, the tin pail would be a magic kettle.

VI *bis.* The Daily Grind

Guards were another important factor in our struggle for existence. At the gate of the camp at six o'clock in the morning each group received two or more of these guardian angels on whose temper and character the fortunes of the day in large measure depended. They directed the work, determined how much rest would be allowed and settled unforeseen problems. Their first words to us in the morning were to repeat the rules and regulations: "Silence along the way! No falling out of line! Anyone attempting escape will be shot without warning!" Next they would distribute our tools: saws, axes, hammers, etc. Each man had two or more implements to carry.

At first we marched in silence and many were en-

gaged in earnest prayer. But soon, if the guard was at all humane and lenient, we began to converse and discuss the day that was beginning. Almost always, however, there were difficulties. Ripening berries were very tempting to hungry men but the guards would curse and threaten when someone slipped out of line to snatch a few. Another source of trouble was the insistence that we march in the road although there were smooth paths at either side. Irritating, too, were the repeated urgings to hasten. We did not even dare protest that hurry would mean death for some of our members. We had heard the heartless answer often enough: "You must work until you keel over and die."

In the evening more harsh treatment awaited us. We were sometimes as much as five miles from camp and it would be nearly seven o'clock when work was called off. Even then before we could leave for the camp we had to be counted. This took about half an hour. On the way back if some of the men collapsed, and this was not infrequent, the entire group was halted. The poor wretches who had fallen were berated, threatened, and even kicked. Those who were really too weak to walk had to be carried on makeshift stretchers. At times we did not reach the camp until nine-thirty.

Our troubles were not over even then. The evening inspection had to be held despite the hour and despite rain. We were lined up in columns of ten and the count was made slowly. A false count meant still more time. We might even be aroused in the middle of the night and lined up for counting. At this evening inspection the kind and place of work for the next day were assigned. Some groups were praised for what they had done, others were blamed. Some groups were reshuffled. Sometimes a list of those to be shot the next day in nearby camps was read out as well as the names of those who had died in our camp. Although our commander frowned on the practice, we honored these dead by silence and bare heads. It was indeed a

happy day for us when snow and cold forced our masters to hold these evening inspections indoors.

Our camp itself was composed of four barracks, housing between seven and eight hundred captives. The two sections of each barrack were filled with double-decker bunks, the upper one about a yard from the ceiling. There were no ladders and no mattresses. It was forbidden, moreover, to make any. Those who had their own sheets could use them. Other equipment in the barrack was limited to tin water-cans and grass brooms. In addition to the insects already mentioned, the noise and stench made the place positively unbearable, especially in winter. The authorities supplied some delousing materials and we were allowed one shower a week. In winter fortunately we had plenty of heat from wood-burning stoves. It is true we had to cut the wood and carry it in on our own backs. At first we had a kind of primitive kerosene lamp but later we had to make torches out of splinters of wood. Both torches and lamps added to the foulness of the barrack.

VII. The Sting of Hope

August 6, 1941 promised to be a memorable day in the camp. When we returned that evening from our work, the barracks were buzzing with enthusiastic talk about the early release of all who were Poles. At the evening inspection, the camp commander brought in a Russian newspaper and read in a loud voice the text of the Russo-Polish pact signed by Marshal Stalin and General Sikorski. How our spirits soared!

Our sufferings in Russia should have ended then and there. But when we asked the day of our departure, the answer was cold and evasive: "Maybe after three days, possibly not for three weeks."

We were to wait three days, three weeks, three months. Our hopes of liberation fell, as it were into a bottomless abyss. The pain of disappointment was sharp, nervous tension mounted. Not only were we not allowed to depart but the same dehumanizing

routine continued exactly as before. The mortality rate, especially of the older men, mounted alarmingly. Our petitions for release were as unavailing as our threats of strike or revolt. The only results were mean reprisals and stricter guarding. Of course we were also assured that as allies of Russia, our valuable labors in Siberia were furthering the cause of allied victory. We were reminded that it was our patriotic duty to put up with whatever inconveniences this duty might involve.

VIII. Autumn

Our disappointment at not being freed could not blind us completely to the marvelous beauty of autumn in the Northern Urals. For a short period the great forest was garbed in flaming colors. Even at other times they were really majestic and beautiful: spruce, tall Siberian cedar, stone pine loaded with delicious nuts, which we could gather only surreptiously, white birches which we have already mentioned, fine poplars and many other species. Birds and beasts there were too, but since we always moved in groups and were oppressed by hunger and hardship, we paid little attention to natural beauty.

During autumn I worked with a small group of fifteen Poles digging wells in a neighboring camp. Here a very humane guard closed his eyes when we took oats and barley from the granaries. With the roasted oats we made a kind of coffee and with the barley, porridge. After what we had been through, these days were really happy ones. In the evenings we sang spontaneously for the first time as prisoners. Unfortunately we struck water at a depth of twenty feet and were at once ordered back to our own camp.

There we were obliged to march daily four and a half miles through snow-covered marshes to assemble logs which had been cut during the summer and left where they fell. Now they had to be stacked at vantage points. Later on they would be dragged on tractor-drawn sleds to the river. During the follow-

ing summer they would be floated downstream to the sawmills.

To assist in this heavy work, each man received a horse and sled. We had to load the sled and then drive the horse over the rugged terrain. This proved to be extremely fatiguing. The Russians took special care of these horses. If one of our number died, he was buried forthwith and no questions were asked. If a horse was injured or killed, there was always a thorough investigation. The result was that the workmen in desperation cursed the horses, cursed the Bolshevists and even cursed the sun for setting so slowly.

Despite the exhausting work we did not receive any increase of food. Often when we fed our horses at noon, we had nothing left for ourselves from our morning ration. If we tried to share the food of the animals, the guards were on the alert. Furthermore this uncooked grain made those who consumed much of it quite sick. Arms and legs were swollen, faces bloated.

As for myself, this logging wore me down until I fell dangerously ill. Through the intervention of a doctor and some Lithuanians, who were minor officials in the camp and had received some discretionary power, I was excused from work for over two weeks. How happy that respite made me. It was as if I had been freed. The dark and dirty barracks seemed to offer all the comforts of home. My nerves became calmer and I was able to celebrate mass almost every day, always in complete secrecy. At this time, too, I ate the final can of meat brought from Wilno and saved for just such an emergency. Also by volunteering for work in the kitchen, I got soup after the workers had departed. Once while fetching potatoes from the cellar, I came across a small quantity of margarine and helped myself. In this way my health improved.

IX. Rest

Aside from these days of sickness, I can recall only three days of rest, once work had begun in the forest.

One of these was a Soviet anniversary of which I shall speak later. The other two were days on which we were subjected to rigorous searches, which are an essential part of Soviet routine. On the second of these latter, I lost my precious chalice. A lynx-eyed inspector noticed the false bottom I had inserted in one of my valises. Theoretically I had the right to demand the registration of the chalice in the hope that it would be returned. Instead I begged the official to overlook it. While he was making up his mind, the camp commander arrived on the scene and asked its value. When I told him that it was bronze with silver plating on the outside and gold plating in the cup he threw it on the pile of confiscated articles: kettles, cans and bottles. Try as I might, I never found a trace of the chalice again.

Although we worked on Sundays and holy days, we found means of honoring God in a special way on those days. We would sing hymns during the rest periods or recite the rosary on improvised beads. One Sunday when the guards were at a distance a priest celebrated Mass on the trunk of a tree. He had no vestments, his hands were horny and soiled but he was surrounded by a devoted group of the faithful. Occasionally Mass was said late at night in a secluded corner of the barracks. With what devotion the men received Holy Communion on those occasions! But it had to be done in great haste. After the terribly long day in the forests, we priests were as tired as the rest, yet it was only at night that we were able to perform our priestly ministrations.

X. Winter

The snows of winter brought us relief from mosquitoes and flies but the terribly low temperatures created new problems. Where were we to get the clothing absolutely indispensable if we were to avoid serious sickness and death? Prayer seemed the only refuge since our oppressors told us that we had sufficient clothing.

One day during the winter a Russian lumber commission, mounted on excellent horses, arrived. Their clothes were of the best, their footwear exactly what was required. So cynical, however, was their attitude towards us that some of our bolder spirits addressed them in strong language, protesting vehemently against the intolerable diet, the lack of sufficient rest, the brutal treatment meted out to the sick and weak. The commission excused itself on the grounds that these matters did not concern it. The only result of the protest was that our treatment became still harsher. We were informed that we were saboteurs who deserved to be liquidated.

During the winter we rose at five as usual. Those who were not ready to depart when the time came were treated with shocking brutality. Lack of suitable clothing, dreadful sores, heavy colds were not acceptable excuses. Often we were at the scene of work before sunrise and had to wait. Then we would work until nightfall. Usually there was another wait of a half hour around the dying fire before we were allowed to start back.

During the winter months, the infirmary was literally besieged by the sick. Even those but slightly indisposed wanted just one day of rest. The doctor, a prisoner like ourselves, dared not exceed the quota of sick fixed by the authorities. If he did he too would be sent to the woods. In addition to this inhuman regulation, he was handicapped by an almost complete lack of medicine while the sanitary conditions in the miserably small infirmary were wretched. During the night the doctor did what he could for the sick. I noticed that those admitted to the infirmary always died. Besides disease, deaths were also caused by falling trees and exposure. An Estonian committed suicide. Some maimed themselves in order to obtain a few weeks free from work. Pneumonia was the disease which took the heaviest toll. One poor Lithuanian practically rotted to death in our corner of the barracks. A falling tree had crushed his left leg and

gangrene set in. For some unknown reason the commander would not allow him to be transported to the hospital. I prepared his soul to meet his Maker but could do nothing for his body.

In all about 110 of the 700 from Wilno in our camp died during the six months we were there. We priests watched the infirmary carefully and I do not recall that any one died without the last rites.

XI. Unjust Treatment

Two episodes during those months made especially deep impressions on me. One occurred during a period when the loading of tractor-sleds was carried on continuously. Night groups were formed to take up where the day shift left off. One day, in addition to the hard work of carrying and loading wood, I had to put up with persecution by a guard who happened to know that I was a priest. In a brutal and obnoxious way he compelled me to do much more than was asked of the others in the group. I stood it until my frayed nerves neared the breaking point. Then with a forced smile, I withdrew from the guard's vicinity and continued my work elsewhere.

On my return from the forest that evening, I was stopped at the headquarters of the guard and accused of being lazy and insubordinate. I was isolated, as they put it. This ordinarily meant no supper. This time those of us who were in isolation found that it would mean toiling all night on an empty stomach. We were forced to march back and resume our work. The night was bitterly cold, nearly 45 degrees below zero. Many of the night crew stayed near the fires, of which there were three enormous ones in the clearing, and did little work, but we who were being punished thought that the only way to avoid serious illness was to keep on the move. So we hustled all night long. Toward morning the members of the night crew were roused from their lethargy by the threat of having to work until nightfall if the eighteen tractor-sleds were not soon loaded to capacity. We finished the task

in time. Fortunately for me friends from my group brought my portion of fish and bread to the clearing, enabling me to satisfy my burning hunger. When I arrived at the camp I slept the sleep of complete exhaustion all that day.

The other episode involved another priest as well as myself. All Russia observes the anniversary of the so-called October Revolution on November 7th. On this occasion the prisoners in the camps really got a day free from work. Moreover at supper in addition to the usual soup we received gruel and meat. To celebrate the day in our own way, (it happed to be a First Friday in 1941,) we Catholics that afternoon gathered in the largest room in the barracks to hear Mass. Garbed in my black cassock I said mass for Poland, Lithuania, and our murdered brethren. When a hymn to the Blessed Virgin was sung, the tears flowed freely. After Mass all joined in singing the Polish national anthem with great emotion and with little attempt at concealment. The authorities did not interfere.

The ninth of November was Sunday. Again we assembled for Mass in the late evening. Another priest was to celebrate while I heard confessions. After the gospel, my brother priest preached on the grace of confession and Holy Communion in such circumstances. At that moment, however, the camp commander broke into the crowd and furiously scattered the men. Then he began to berate the priest, who respectfully replied that no one could deny us the right to pray. At once he was placed under arrest and hurried off. Before long he was back: his head and beard had been shaved and he started to pack his belongings. Convinced that he was in great danger, I embraced him when I said good-bye.

"Is he your brother that you say farewell in such a way?" asked the official.

My brother priest answered that we were brothers in Christ.

At this I, too, was arrested and soon lost my beard. When I reached the NKVD headquarters, the guards were inspecting my friend's belongings. Fortunately

liturgical objects had been spirited away. I was told to help put his belongings in the bag and return to the barracks. While we were doing this a discussion on prayer arose. Our attitude so displeased our captors that we were sentenced to confinement. This meant spending the night in a small dirty hole about eight feet long and six feet wide. There were board beds but no straw and no heat whatsoever. Indeed when no one was in the place, the door stood wide open. When we had entered the guards slammed and locked the door. Taken by surprise, I was lightly clad. My companion, who had foreseen just what was going to happen, had wrapped himself in his sheepskin. After prayer together, he fell asleep. I did not dare sleep because from the very beginning I was nearly frozen. Back and forth in that dirty cage, I paced. Shortly before midnight I could stand it no longer and so began to shout for help. When the guard did not answer my call, I kicked the door with the strength of despair. In about three quarters of an hour I got results. The guard called headquarters. Soon we heard steps outside, the door was thrown open and the guard began to berate us for causing a disturbance. Eloquently I pleaded to be released. To no avail! The guard warned us that we would stay there all night unless we were perfectly quiet for a time. Almost at once I began to shout and kick the door again. Death from pneumonia or liberation were the only alternatives. At length about 1 A.M. another guard came and, without further ado, freed us. We were ordered back to the barracks. The rest of the night was short and sweet. Thank God we did not fall sick as a result of our exposure.

XII. Christmas 1941

After General Sikorski's visit to Moscow in December 1941, rumors were once more rife. By the prison grapevine we learned that the Poles in the camp would soon be freed. This report was confirmed when a Soviet commission arrived to examine the state of health of the Lithuanians and Estonians and to sen-

tence them. Up to that time none of us had been sentenced. This tribunal functioned exclusively at night in order not to interfere with the work and handed down sentences of five, eight, and ten years at hard labor. It is hard for me to believe that anybody could survive five years of the treatment we received. This commission did not try the Poles. Nevertheless in every other respect we were still treated as prisoners.

Christmas Day was approaching and we urgently petitioned to be given a holiday on this greatest of holy days. The answer was in the negative. War needs, it was asserted, rendered a holiday impossible. Then we resolved to celebrate as best we could. Christmas Day would be the first anniversary of my first Mass. I succeeded on Christmas Eve in being excused from my night work on the plea of illness. My closest friends saved fish and bread from the morning rations. In addition we managed to obtain two pounds of corn and some ersatz coffee for our Christmas repast. Our table was made from the boards of our beds. All around us in the forests there were Christmas trees bending under the Siberian snow, but we would not bring one in, even if it had been feasible. We did not want to have before our eyes the symbol of toil and fatigue.

Comrades on alien soil, we shall never forget that scene, or the happy conversation about our impending release, or the Christmas carols which had to be sung very quietly. The central event of the evening came at midnight—on the rude Christmas table, with two candles as the only ornaments, I celebrated Mass with a simple stole for vestment. This was the supreme moment of my life in that camp. It is impossible to describe the happy feelings and memories that flooded me. A fervent *Glory to God in the highest* put new courage in all hearts. If only men would show good will!

XIII. Tragic Freedom

On the night of January 14, 1942, when I was clandestinely baking hosts, my best friend rushed in

from the kitchen with the certain news that in a few hours we would be free. Immediately we awakened our friends to tell them the good tidings. How happy and joyful we were. The only cloud on the celebration was the realization that many of the non-Polish captives would never taste the sweetness of freedom. At two in the morning an official appeared and announced the names of the liberated. Three groups of ninety were to be freed at intervals. Not long afterwards we were told to pack up and prepare to walk to Gari, thirteen miles away. Soon we were on the march again, not this time to exhausting toil, but to freedom!

Our happiness diminished somewhat when we began to ask ourselves how the weak and worn members of our group would ever find the strength to walk thirteen miles through snow three feet deep. These fears were groundless, however; the momentum which freedom gave even to the weaker members of the group enabled every one of the ninety released with us to reach Gari.

In this town we planned our trip to join the Polish army in Russia. We soon learned that its headquarters had been shifted south from Busuluk. Consequently we asked for, and received from the authorities, passes to Tashkent. In addition we were given military rations for seven days, and, as pay for our labor in the forests, a hundred rubles apiece. Most of the famished lumberjacks went through this sum in three days. Soon necessary clothing was being parted with to get food. Dissatisfaction was greater for a time that it had been in the camp.

The first problem now was to get to the railroad station at Sosva, thirty-five miles away. There were not enough sleighs in the district to move our party. What were we to do? The NKVD officers came to the rescue. They ordered the construction of two huts, eight by thirteen feet on runners. Each hut was equipped with a stove and a supply of fire-wood. Into each forty-five persons were pressed and then tractors pulled them away. Inside the hut we were so closely

packed together that we were obliged to stand all night. The heat of the stove proved entirely inadequate because of the flimsy structure of the huts. Our feet especially were in danger of freezing. That night was a truly horrible experience. Before dawn a group of us left our strange vehicle and started to walk through the snow. We arrived at Sosva at noon, two hours before the tractor pulled the huts in.

At Sosva we were treated with coldness and mistrust. And no wonder since we were still garbed as prisoners. One family, however gave a group of us some delicious Russian tea. This afforded us our first glimpse of the interior of a private house in eight months. Though a modest dwelling, it impressed us greatly because it was clean. Although the family was kind, its members were very reserved—a result of the elaborate Soviet spy system.

We had to wait two weeks at Sosva before we started south. We lived there in barracks with Russian war refugees. In a week's time our train arrived and we found that we were to travel back in the same kind of accommodations as those in which we came north. A very cold wind blew all the time we were in Sosva. Often we scarcely dared to go out of the barracks to get a breath of fresh air. Because we had no ration cards, money was useless. Clothes and tobacco were the only medium of exchange. As a result our group had to catch and kill a dog every day for food. In addition we were given hot soup in the communal eating house.

In Sosva, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, I often wore my soutane. This surprised the older generation and made them silent and sad. As for the younger generation which had been thoroughly indoctrinated with irreligious propaganda, it provoked only sarcasm and indecent remarks.

In a motion-picture hall I met several children. I took their little hands in mine and asked:

"Do you know God?"

"There is no God," was the determined answer.

"How do you know that, my little friends," I asked the older ones.

"The teacher said so."

"Well," I answered, "you may tell him that he is not so smart if he knows nothing about God. I have studied about God for twelve years. I not only know Him but also love Him."

The children became quite friendly and even gave me little presents.

In many of the houses in Sosva, icons could still be seen but they were not prominently displayed. The older generation still makes the sign of the cross and prays. There seemed to be no organized religious life but the older people kept up the old practices. My impression after my brief observation is that it will be a difficult matter to bring faith back to the Russians.

Finally toward the end of January we got under way. The trip to Tashkent was to have taken seven days. As a matter of fact it took six weeks. Again we were ninety men with all our baggage in a box-car, which was dark, dirty and swarming with vermin. One of our number died at the beginning of the trip. We left six others in hospitals along the way. Food was scarce and an additional unpleasant feature of winter travel was the quarreling about using the stove for cooking. Several times those detailed to get provisions had not returned when the train pulled out. So great was our hunger at times that we parted with some of our scanty clothing in order to buy bread. We were all the more willing to do this because we hoped soon to wear the uniform of the Polish army. When we finally met a Polish soldier at Chkalov we plied him with a thousand questions. We also obtained in Russia the *White Eagle,* a Polish weekly published in Russia, and read about the outside world for the first time.

Holy Thursday, April 2, 1942, we at last stood as soldiers on what was for us the free soil of Iran. The story of our life in Sovietland ends here. At the time

we were glad enough to forget what we had lived through and what we had witnessed.

XIV. Epilogue

I know Russia only from the viewpoint of a harshly treated captive. From accusations of bias, it would be useless to defend myself. My trip through the Ukraine and the Urals convinced me that Russia is a country abundantly blessed with nature's gifts. Her soil contains untold wealth waiting for exploitation. As far as I could see the main Soviet effort so far has been along military lines. To the task of conquering the world the Bolshevists have dedicated all Russian resources. Who can tell how much gold is used to maintain Communism's huge international propaganda machine? It must be admitted, however, that the present rulers of Russia did not invent Russian imperialism. Rather they are pursuing the goal of the czars with novel weapons.

To us prisoners it seemed that universal hunger prevailed in the Soviet paradise. The government maintains itself, nevertheless, because of its ruthlessness. Not only foreigners but millions of Russians are in prison camps. The secret police, with agents everywhere, quickly snuff out any sparks of resistance. This enables the Communist leaders to make Russia a land of gigantic experiments which have as their material the bodies and souls of millions of human beings.

My sufferings were truly crushing but I am grateful to God for giving me the opportunity to suffer for Poland. I experienced in my body the pain which Communism inflicts as a consequence of its denial of the rights of the individual and its flouting of human dignity. My physical energies were exploited to the utmost but my spirit was not broken. The proud conviction that I was, among my fellow captives, the representative of God's order in the world bore me up in all my trials. I knew that I was a defender of the human soul against materialism and atheism. Through my priestly ministrations, human hearts opened to

welcome the Word Incarnate who did not disdain to dwell among us prisoners and share in our persecutions and humiliations. In the stark simplicity of lumber-camp life, we were able fully to appreciate the treasures of our religion, obscured at times by material splendor. Now that it is all over, my sentiments are perhaps best summed up in the simple prayer: "God be praised! May He be most merciful to Russia!"

The Sacred Heart

When we worship Christ's heart it is a great deal more than the heart we mean, it is after all Christ Himself that we worship. For, my brethren, this is how we speak in many things. We say that in a town there are so many thousand souls; we mean so many thousand men, women, and children and not their souls only. We speak of a kind body, a busybody: we mean some man or woman that is kind or that is busy and not his or her body only. We call sailors or laborers hands; we say "all hands," "a new hand," and so on: it is men we mean, not their hands only. We call Plato and Shakespeare great minds: it is Plato and Shakespeare we mean, not their minds only. Nay, we call a man a warm heart, the very word, a large heart and the like: it is the man we mean and not his heart only. So then when we say the Sacred Heart it is of Christ Himself we are thinking and not of His Heart only. Not but what there is good reason for so speaking in all these cases: if living men are called souls, it is because the soul is the source of life in man; if they are called bodies it is because the body strikes the eye; if sailors and laborers are called hands, it is because their hands are what they work with; if great thinkers are called minds, it is because by their minds they have become famous; if kind people are called large hearts, it is because the quality of the heart makes them more remarkable than others.

When we speak so often of the heart, a great heart, a narrow heart, a warm heart, a cold heart, a tender heart, a hard heart, a heart of stone, a lion heart, a craven heart, a poor heart, a sad heart, a heavy heart, a broken heart, a willing heart, a full heart, of heart's ease, heart ache, heartscald, of

thinking in one's heart, of loving from one's heart, of the heart sinking, of taking heart, of losing heart, of giving the heart away, of being heartwhole—it would be endless to name all the ways we could bring the heart in—in all these expressions what we call heart is not the piece of flesh so called, not the great bloodvessel only, but the thoughts of the mind that vessel seems to harbour and the feelings of the soul to which it beats. For the heart is of all the members of the body the one which most strongly and most of its own accord sympathizes with and expresses in itself what goes on within the soul. Tears are sometimes forced, smiles may be put on, but the beating of the heart is the truth of nature. And as in others, so in Christ: the Sacred Heart is that Heart which swelled when Christ rejoiced in spirit and sank when He was sad, which played its dark and sacred part in all Christ's life, in all He did and suffered, which in His Agony, with frightful and unnatural straining forced His blood out of Him in a teeming sweat, and after it had ceased to beat was pierced and spent its contents by the opening in His side. The Sacred Heart is all Christ did for us; the Sacred Heart is all Christ's joys, griefs, hopes, fears, love unto death, heroic courage, tender pity; the Sacred Heart is Christ's most perfect character. Once see the matter in this light and surely there is no Christian who will blame, none will not admire, there should be none that would not practise, the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

G. M. Hopkins, S.J.

A VENERABLE CHURCH OF MARYLAND

Rev. John Tracy Ellis, Ph.D.

It is a rare occurrence in the history of Catholicism in the United States when it can celebrate the 150th anniversary of a parish church. Set against the record of the parishes of Europe the age of St. Ignatius Church here at St. Thomas Manor is young, indeed. But measured by the time of our young Republic of the West this church has attained a venerable age. It would have been a serious omission to allow this event to pass unnoticed, for during the last century and a half there has been woven around this little edifice some of the proudest traditions of American Catholicism, and no institution on earth so treasures traditions of truth and goodness as does the Church of Christ. By a happy coincidence we celebrate this important anniversary in the annals of the American Jesuits on a day when the Church of the nation keeps the feast of their martyred and sainted brothers who three centuries ago enriched the spirit and soil of this land with their sacrifices and their blood.

The anniversary of a century and a half of service to God as kept today by this church has a three-fold significance. First, it is an important mile-stone in the long and honorable history of the Society of Jesus and its parishioners in the State of Maryland. Secondly, it is an event of note in the history of the Church of the United States, and thirdly, this anniversary carries a lesson of worth to the nation itself. True, St. Ignatius Church of Bel Alton was not the cradle of Catholicism in Maryland, but it was in and through this neighborhood that Father Andrew White and his successors in

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Discourse delivered at St. Ignatius Church, Chapel Point, St. Thomas' Manor, Charles' County, Maryland, on the feast of the American Martyrs, Sunday, September 26, 1948, commemorating the establishment of the only parish in the United States which has had a resident pastor for three hundred years and the laying of the cornerstone of the present church by Archbishop John Carroll in 1798.

the years after 1634 made their way, dispensing the mysteries of God and His healing sacraments to both the white men whom they had accompanied from England and the red men whom they found in the forests nearby. It was at Port Tobacco, a few short miles north of here and within this parish, that Father White fixed his residence in 1642, and it was from this region that he was taken back to England in chains three years later, a victim of the very religious persecution which he and his people had sought to avoid in emigrating to Maryland. It will be three hundred years next year since this property was acquired by the Society of Jesus, the same year in which the little colonial assembly at St. Mary's City passed the memorable Act of Toleration by which they hoped to guarantee their religious freedom. It is now 286 years since Father Henry Warren took up his abode on this spot, the first resident Jesuit pastor of an unbroken line stretching through almost three centuries. Over two centuries have passed since the venerable St. Thomas Manor was built to house the Jesuit missionaries of this region, and within its historic walls there was first promulgated the document affiliating these priests on the American mission to the Society of Jesus in Russia. To this place came Bishop John Carroll, himself once a Jesuit, to lay the cornerstone of the present church on August 7, 1798; and seven years later on August 18, 1805, Father Robert Molyneaux renewed his vows as a Jesuit in this church, thus marking the resurrection of the Society of Jesus in the infant United States. In this manorhouse in 1833 Father William McSherry, the first Jesuit provincial in our country, made his headquarters. From this place and the sister houses of Whitemarsh and Georgetown there went out the priests and brothers who extended the vast spiritual empire of the Society of Jesus over the United States so that today its eight provinces and 6,374 members look to this region as the scene of their origins.

Would it not be strange, then, if this old church did not hold fond memories for the American Jesuits of

today and for the devoted laity to whom they minister on the missions of southern Maryland? If St. Ignatius Church and its adjacent manorhouse were not the cradle of Jesuit effort in Maryland, they were at least the nursery for much of their splendid effort in behalf of the American Church.

The second aspect of significance in this celebration pertains to the Church of the United States. This parish of St. Ignatius was one of the original seed beds of the Church of the nation. We who are of your number realize its importance in the story of American Catholicism. We look to St. Ignatius at Bel Alton, to Whitemarsh, to St. Inigoes, to Newtown, and to all the other ancient seats of the faith in this southern land of Maryland as spots honored by long and devoted service to the cause of Catholicism in our country. The eyes of all American Catholics turn with reverence and respect to these churches and shrines, for it was out of these beginnings that there came the foundation for the first ecclesiastical jurisdiction in our Republic; it was out of parishes and missions such as this of St. Ignatius that the Diocese of Baltimore was born in 1789, and it was over this treasured region that John Carroll came to rule as the first bishop in 1790. As the Catholics of the Universal Church look to Rome and its tomb of SS. Peter and Paul, as the Catholics of Ireland make pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick and its lofty tabernacle, as the Catholics of Germany hold in veneration the tomb of St. Boniface at Fulda, as the Catholics of Spain trace their origins to the primacy of the See of Toledo, so do we Catholics of the United States turn our gaze towards Baltimore and its outlying areas as the center from which the Catholic faith of the nation had its first organization.

You here at St. Ignatius were a part of the Diocese of Baltimore from its birth; your parish church was but nine years younger than the diocese itself. It was here in the infancy of the Church of the United States; this spot was old as a center of religious worship when the oldest see of America was established; it is a part of

the original traditions that have gone to make Baltimore the common mother of us all as American Catholics.

But if you are very old, you are, too, very young. For within the present year you have come with your age and your faith of three centuries to join the youngest archdiocese in the land. By act of the Holy See in November, 1947, you were made a part of the new Archdiocese of Washington. This youngest archdiocesan see of our country welcomes the solid piety and splendid history which is yours; they give to her young brow something of the age and wisdom which her elder sisters among the sees of the American Church have long possessed. You had as your first bishop the founder of the American hierarchy, who laid the cornerstone of your church; the oldest archbishop of America was your father. And now you behold in the person of His Grace, the Archbishop of Washington, the tenth successor of John Carroll to rule this region, the youngest archbishop in the United States.

What Washington lacked by way of an ancient record it finds in you of these parishes of southern Maryland; and the fresh and invigorating hand of youth comes to you now in the association of Catholic unity and fraternal charity from the infant Archdiocese of Washington of which you are a part. In this association does the Church of the nation rejoice, for it finds its very oldest landmarks of the Atlantic seaboard linked in lasting union with the see which governs its national capital. This celebration, therefore, bears a significance quite beyond that of an old Jesuit parish church; it is an anniversary in the life of the Church of America which had its roots and origins in this soil of Maryland, and which found its leadership and direction from this source through all the years from John Carroll to our own day.

The third element for which this celebration holds an importance is the American Republic. It was the ancestors of the parishioners of St. Ignatius Church who suffered persecution for conscience's sake in the Eng-

land of the seventeenth century; it was they who in their determination to worship God as their religious faith directed, braved the unfriendly shores of a far-off land to plant on this soil in 1634 the Cross of Christ and its attendant blessings of a Christian civilization. Only fourteen years after the coming of the Pilgrims to Plymouth Rock and less than thirty years after the arrival of the colonists at Jamestown, the Catholic and Protestant settlers of Maryland took their stand here. It was a society which in the first years worked to the happiness and peace of all, until the very scourge from which the Catholic Marylanders had fled was visited upon them in their new home.

It was the ancestors of this parish who helped to frame one of the most stirring documents of human freedom in American history in the Act of Toleration of 1649, and it was no fault of theirs if its broad spirit of forbearance in religious belief was so soon to be belied by unfriendly invaders. The Act of Toleration was as universal a grant of religious freedom as colonial America could boast, even though its ringing phrases were denied to the thousands of Americans who last year read and viewed the precious instruments of liberty when they visited the Freedom Train as it took its course across the nation.

For over a century and a half before the principle of religious freedom was enshrined in the Constitution of the United States in 1791, it had been practised by Catholics here in this land of southern Maryland. And only seven years after the ratification of our national Bill of Rights in that year, this church was built to perpetuate the blessings of liberty of conscience for the descendants of those who in 1649 had sought to make it real in Maryland's Act of Toleration. Seek as one may through the record of Catholic Maryland, he will fail to find a darkened page of its history where the ugly blight of religious persecution arose to plague the Protestant neighbors of these Catholic settlers. The principle of religious freedom of 1791 had already grown old in practice in these missions, and a people

keenly aware of its blessings could hail its enactment as the fulfillment of their own enduring effort.

In our day, when so much emphasis is placed upon civil liberties, it is well to reflect that no part of the broad expanse which is the United States contributed more to the practical exercise of religious liberty than this parish and its sister missions. From out of this portion of the land went emigrants to other parts of the nation; from here, for example, were the northern counties of Kentucky peopled before the eighteenth century was dead, and if today those counties count themselves as strongly Catholic and are proud of their history of religious freedom, they owe the origins of their deep Catholic faith and its tradition of tolerance to the sturdy pioneers of southern Maryland who like the Lancasters, the Spaldings, and the Mattinglys carved a new home out of the wilderness of Kentucky, gave it a Christian heritage, and there practised the spirit of forbearance which they had learned from the Act of Toleration here in Maryland a hundred and fifty years before.

This is why one may truly say, in the words of St. Paul, that creation has been delivered from its slavery to corruption in this parish of St. Ignatius, for through struggles innumerable and acute its people clung to their religious faith; they practised it when to do so put them outside the law and brought hazard to their properties and lives; they persisted in giving honor and glory to God in their homes and their manorhouse chapels—the while interfering in no way with the religious convictions of their Protestant neighbors. Human nature in southern Maryland is as it is everywhere else, subject, as St. Paul said, to vanity; but human nature's evil impulses have been held within bounds by the moral law which has governed the lives of its citizens here and has reared up through the past century and a half a healthy, frugal, law-abiding rural life which typifies the best in the traditions of America. Your ancestors fought and won their battle for religious freedom, and they helped by their part in that struggle

to make it safe for all the rest of us. That is why there may rightly be applied to you and those who have gone before you the phrase of St. Paul, that you have delivered creation from its slavery to corruption into "the freedom of the glory of the sons of God."

America can learn much from the lesson of the lives of those who have been born, have lived, and died here within St. Ignatius Parish. It can learn the imperishable worth of fidelity to religious truth; it can learn the folly of recent attempts to make a new religion out of democracy as a form of government; it can take fresh courage from the history of your church and its people, for in your peaceful and kindly atmosphere here along the Potomac River you render incarnate the ideals which the foundation fathers framed in the Constitution under which our Republic lives, and which make it today—in this critical hour of human history—the object of hope and longing for all the world.

The Church of St. Ignatius here high on the banks of the Potomac has for a century and a half looked down upon the same stream which some miles to the north flows gently by the shrine of him whom this country calls its father. When George Washington closed his useful career in death in 1799, the year after this church was built, Bishop John Carroll pronounced a eulogy of the great man in his pro-cathedral of St. Peter's in Baltimore, and on that occasion he spoke for all the Catholics of the United States. Carroll noted Washington's frequent calls upon God for protection of the young Republic; and, in closing his sermon, the bishop expressed a wish and a prayer which we can fittingly repeat today for our country, our Church, and your parish. He said:

"May those United States flourish in pure and undefiled religion, in morality, peace, union, liberty and the enjoyment of their excellent Constitution, as long as respect, honor, and veneration shall gather round the name of Washington; that is, whilst there shall be any surviving record of human events."

THE TRADITIONS OF BOSTON COLLEGE*

MARTIN P. HARNEY, S.J.

Gentlemen, your enrollment today in the ranks of the sons of Boston College offers an opportunity of informing you about the traditions of your Alma Mater. The lineage of your college is ancient, its intellectual inheritance is glorious. The recounting of such antecedents must inspire you so to work and study as to make yourself worthy of such a golden inheritance.

Consider first your remote scholastic traditions. You are students of a Catholic college, founded and operated by the greatest of educators, the Catholic Church; hence you can claim for your intellectual inheritance all the educational achievements of the Catholic Church throughout the ages. For one example there are the accomplishments of the monastic schools of Ireland, Britain, Gaul, Spain and Italy from the fifth to the ninth century, preserving the culture of Greece and Rome and the wisdom of the Christian Fathers when the ravages of the Barbarians almost extinguished the lamps of learning. Those schools were the ancient part of a system of which your Alma Mater is a latterday component; hence their glorious deeds are an integral element of your traditions. Again there is the marvelous intellectual movement of the High Middle Ages which blossomed forth at Paris, Bologna, Oxford, Prague, Salamanca and some eighty other universities. Since these great scholastic centers were founded, inspired and directed by the Catholic Church, they were part of the system of which Boston College is a modern representative. Well may you think, as you walk about the campus or pass through the corridors of Alma Mater, that you are following in the

* A copy of this address, printed in pamphlet form with illustrations, is given to each freshman on entering Boston College.

footsteps of the army of medieval students who thronged the halls of those universities of long ago.

You are also students of a Jesuit College; hence you have a claim to all the scholarly achievements of the Jesuit Order. Fundamentally, allowing for the changes necessitated by time and place you are being trained by the same method, the Ratio Studiorum, as hundreds of thousands of students who have been educated during the last four hundred years in the Jesuit universities and colleges of Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Poland, Belgium, England, Ireland, Canada, South America and the United States. Sons of Boston College, you can take your place in the great army of Jesuit students and you will find that you march along shoulder to shoulder with scholars, poets, scientists, jurists, generals, presidents, kings and popes, yes, even with canonized saints and blessed martyrs of God.

The heroic accomplishments of the pioneer Jesuits in North America you as American students can count among your traditions, since their minds were trained and their characters were formed by the same scholastic system upon which your education is based. Hence your inheritance includes the memories of Marquette discovering the Mississippi, of Kino exploring Northwestern Mexico and Arizona, of Saints Isaac Jogues, Rene Goupil, Jean Lalande, Jean de Brebeuf, Noel Chabanel, Antoine Daniel, Charles Garnier and Gabriel Lalement dying under the tomahawks of the savage Iroquois.

Origins

There are still other glorious traditions which men of Boston College may well cherish. Some day when you are passing the Science Building, look up at its graceful tower and study the four shields that are cut into its eastern corner. These shields tell the story of the ancestry of your Alma Mater, for they represent the colleges to which Boston College traces her origins.

The shield in the upper left part of the tower is that of St. Omer in Flanders, where in 1592 Father Robert Parsons founded the college which was to give to the persecuted Catholic boys of England and Ireland the education which the terrible penal codes of Elizabeth and Cromwell denied them at home. Brave were the lads who came to this little school of exiles; for in their defiance of the laws that forbade their attendance they risked their lives and their fortunes. The education of St. Omer's strengthened them to return to their homes and there to keep alive the Faith among their kinsmen and dependents in spite of all the racks, thumbscrews and gibbets of the Elizabethans and the Cromwellians. The greatest of the Irish boys who were trained at St. Omer's was the Liberator, Daniel O'Connell. To this school of heroes also journeyed lads from the far-off colony of Maryland; among its American sons may be listed Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the Signer of the Declaration of Independence, Archbishop John Carroll, the Father of the Catholic Church in the United States, and several other Catholic leaders in the early days of our republic.

The shield in the upper right part of the tower is that of Bruges, and the shield in the lower left part is that of Liege; to these two cities of Belgium the College of St. Omer's had to flee in the dread days preceding the French Revolution. The shield in the lower right part is that of the modern College of Stonyhurst in England, where at length the grand old school found a safe haven, and where it flourishes today as one of the renowned English public schools. When Archbishop John Carroll and his little band of pioneer priests planned the establishment of the first American Catholic college, they looked for their model to St. Omer's where the Archbishop and most of them had been educated; they proposed to re-create in this newly-born country their own beloved Alma Mater, the old martyrs' college of Flanders. So these sons of St. Omer's in 1789 founded Georgetown, the first of all American Catholic Universities and Colleges.

It was from Georgetown, the daughter of St. Omer's, that the Jesuits came to Worcester in 1843 to found Holy Cross and in 1863 to Boston to establish our own college. For this reason the shields of Georgetown and Holy Cross joined together, have been placed on the east corner of the Science Building. We, men of Boston College, may well be proud of our connections with the mother college, Georgetown, which has given so many leaders to the national life, and also of our ties with our sister college, Holy Cross, the Alma Mater of twenty-one bishops and hundreds of worthy priests and distinguished laymen.

Such is the scholastic ancestry which you, as sons of Boston College, possess: the monastic schools of olden times, the universities of the Middle Ages and the Jesuit colleges, particularly the martyrs' school of St. Omer's and the noble University of Georgetown. Can the students of any other American educational institution claim a prouder or more glorious tradition?

Founders

It was with these golden memories in mind that a grand old patriarch, Father John McElroy, S.J., having obtained a charter from the Legislature of Massachusetts, in the year 1863, right in the midst of the great Civil War, opened the doors of our institution. Then began those traditions which are peculiarly Boston College's own and from which we draw our highest inspiration, the vision and courage of the founders of Boston College and the generous support of their plans by the self-sacrificing Catholic poor of Boston.

First among the founders of our Alma Mater was Father John McElroy, S.J., truly a man cast in heroic mold. As a young immigrant from Ireland he had engaged for a short while in business in Washington until he heeded the call of the divine Master and entered the novitiate of the recently restored Society of Jesus in 1805. He was one of the first novices; and

with him as a fellow-novice was Benedict Fenwick, who was later to be Bishop of Boston and Father of the Catholic Church in New England and who was first to invite his former companion to open a Jesuit college in his episcopal city. Such was the humility of young McElroy that he sought only the humble status of a lay-brother; but such were his talents and such the need of priests that his superiors commanded him to prepare himself for the priesthood. He was to become one of the foremost pioneer priests of the Eastern States. For over sixty years he toiled in the service of God up and down the Atlantic Seaboard. The stately and historic church of St. John in Frederick, Maryland, was erected by him; and our own Jesuit parish of dear old St. Mary's in the North End was established by him. He was the first official Catholic chaplain in the military forces of the United States, having been appointed by President Polk to serve in the army of General Zachary Taylor in the Mexican War.

The greatest accomplishment of Father McElroy, may we say it, was the establishment of Boston College. Both he and Bishop Fenwick, and later Bishop Fitzpatrick, had long desired to set up a Catholic college in Boston, then the intellectual capital of America, the city of Emerson, Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Everett, Longfellow, Prescott and Parkman. Tremendous obstacles stood in the way, and none more formidable than the barrier of bitter bigotry. Indeed when Father McElroy finally purchased a site for his college in the West End, he was prevented from erecting the building by the machinations of a clique of bigots. Even though a committee of the most prominent non-Catholic citizens of Boston rallied to Father McElroy's support, the numbers and the power of the bigots proved too great to be overcome. The good priest was forced to sell the property and postpone the project of his college. But the old war-chaplain of Zachary Taylor was not the one to accept defeat from such forces. After long negotiations and with the aid of the better

element of the city he was at length able to purchase the property on Harrison Avenue and there to erect the Immaculate Conception Church and the first building of Boston College.

The destinies of the infant college were placed in the hands of a man the mention of whose name should thrill every loyal son of Alma Mater, Father John Bapst, S.J. What an inspiring thing it is to contemplate that the first president of Boston College was a hero who had suffered, and suffered grievously, for the Faith! Even early in his career as a Jesuit the persecution of the anti-clerical Liberals forced John Bapst into exile from his beloved Switzerland. Coming to this country the apostolic character that was his was made evident by his devoting himself to the difficult missions of Indians of Maine. At the best it was a most arduous task; but shortly it was to become a very dangerous one because of the rampant anti-Catholic hatred of the Know-Nothing fanatics. Father Bapst's peril increased daily and finally culminated in one of the most disgraceful outrages in American history when at Ellsworth, Maine, this gentle priest was set upon by a mob of bigoted ruffians, brutally man-handled, tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail out of the town. It was a crime of cruel barbarism upon a saintly missionary who purposed only good for his fellow-man. Be it said that the decent citizens of Ellsworth vigorously repudiated this dastardly treatment of a holy and cultured gentleman and sought to show him in a substantial way their sorrow and sympathy. Father Bapst recovered to spend many fruitful years in the service of his Master. Yet towards the end of his days, when his mind had become enfeebled with old age, the horrid spectres of that terrible night would come back to him; frightened by the noises of the dark—even the rattling of a shutter—he would piteously cry, "They are coming, they are coming!" It was such a hero who was the first president of Boston College. At the time of his presidency he was at the height of his career, gaining the esteem of Bostonians of all classes and

creeds. Especially did he enjoy the warm friendship of Governor John A. Andrew, the great Civil War governor of Massachusetts. The affectionate regard which these two men bore for each other was remarkable, the one a Catholic priest and the president of a Jesuit college, the other a Protestant and, perhaps, the greatest governor of the old Bay State.

Presidents

The foremost figure in the College's early days, her first dean of studies and later for several years her president, was Father Robert Fulton, S.J. He was a native of Washington, the son of a valiant Catholic mother, a widow who worked heroically amidst great destitution to educate her son worthily. As a lad young Robert served as a page in the United States Senate. It was in the days when those great figures of American statesmanship, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun and Henry Clay dominated that body. What a school of oratory, history and practical experience was thus offered to this boy! Well did he profit by it, as his later career and reputation as an orator and an administrator abundantly proved. When young Fulton reached manhood, with characteristic generosity he decided to enroll in the ranks of the Jesuit Order. His heroic mother was not to be outdone by her son in generosity; she determined also to enter religious life, joining the Visitation Nuns of the Georgetown Convent.

For many years Father Fulton, whether as dean of studies or as president, directed the destinies of the early college. His name and Boston College became almost synonymous. It was well that such was the case, and the fact brought great prestige to the institution; for Father Fulton, because he was a first-rate Classical scholar and one of the brightest wits in Boston, possessed an entree into the intellectual circles of Boston such as no other Catholic ever had. He was the welcomed table-guest of the foremost literati of the city. Indeed so keen was his wit that his intimate friend and ardent admirer, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial

Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, once was heard to remark that Boston was too small a place to hold two such famous wits as himself and Father Fulton. When at length this great priest upon the termination of his presidency was assigned by his superiors to another city, his literary friends held for him a public farewell meeting. The outstanding figures in the life of the city of Boston paid tribute to Father Fulton with speeches in praise of him and in sorrow at his leaving. Perhaps the most beautiful and most touching tribute of all was the poem which John Boyle O'Reilly composed and recited for the occasion, *The Empty Niche.*

The cold affection that plain duty breeds
May see its union severed, and approve;
But when our bond is touched, it throbs and bleeds—
We pay no meed of duty, but of love.
"The people of the Book," men called the Jews—
Our priests are truly "People of the Word;"
And he who serves the Master must not choose—
He renders feudal service to the Lord.
But we who love and lose will, like the king,
Still keep the alcove empty in the hall,
And hope, firm-hearted, that some day will bring
Our absent one to fill his pedestal.

The intellectual reputation of Boston College was still further advanced by a scholarly priest, who had been her President, the Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S.J., especially by his controversy with Doctor Charles W. Eliot, the President of Harvard University. At the time Dr. Eliot was the most outstanding figure in American Education; no man before or since has held the position which Dr. Eliot possessed—he was looked upon as a veritable oracle whose ideas were to be accepted with bated breath. Now one of Doctor Eliot's favorite theories, to which he gave the force of his undoubtedly magnificent gifts, was unrestrained electivism—that is that the student should be free to choose whatsoever studies and whatsoever courses he might desire without restraint. The theory has long since been abandoned by the great educators of the country. But at the

time, though some recognized its weaknesses and the positive harm it would inflict upon the education of youth, there were scarcely any bold enough to question the unique authority of Doctor Eliot. One man there was who shrank not from crossing swords with the great Eliot. That man was Father Brosnahan. In a controversy that attracted the attention of the American intellectual world he clearly demonstrated the fallacies of unrestrained electivism. Thoughtful and solid educators accorded Father Brosnahan the victory. The fact that the great educational institutions of the country, and especially Doctor Eliot's own Harvard, have years ago relinquished unrestrained electivism, is posterity's approval of Father Brosnahan's contentions.

Of the next great figure in the history of our Alma Mater, it is hard to speak in ordinary terms. He was animated by the courage of a McElroy or of a Bapst; he possessed the scholarliness of a Fulton or of a Brosnahan; and in addition he was blessed with a vision and an energy to carry out that vision unsurpassed, I venture to say, by any leader in American education. This man was Father Thomas I. Gasson, S.J. He came to the presidency of Boston College when our institution had almost completed the first half century of her existence; at the end of the six years of the term of his office a new epoch had begun for her, due almost exclusively to his heroic vision. He found the college well established, it is true, but yet a small institution and destined, perhaps forever, to be of limited influence in the community's life. The great soul of Father Gasson could not be content with such a prospect. His ardent spirit began to dream of an accomplishment so far-sighted as to seem to many well-nigh impossible of realization. He would remove his college from the declining section of the city where it stood; and he would relocate it in a beautiful section of the suburbs and there he would build it up into a university, comparable not only with the best of the American institutions, but with the most venerable of the

European seats of learning. The structures of his new university he would build in the English Collegiate Gothic style; for he dreamed of re-creating the halls of Oxford and Cambridge of his native England on the hillside of his adopted New England, which he so deeply cherished. He would have each building a continual reminder to the students of the magnificent, Catholic, medieval heritage that was theirs; he planned that each arched doorway, each scholastic corridor would be a daily remembrance to them of all the glory and all the wisdom that had flourished in Paris, Bologna and Salamanca.

Yes, Father Gasson was a dreamer, as are all truly great men; but, completing the full measure of the great man, he was also pre-eminently a doer. Well did he know that it would never be given to him with his scanty resources to see even a tenth part of his dream a reality. Nevertheless he determined to make the start. And he did. He began the programme; he led us Catholics of Boston up onto a high mountain and he pointed out to us in the far distance, amidst such glorious horizons as we had never dreamed of, the lofty towers of our goal. Then he led us down into the valleys where fired by his enthusiastic spirit we pressed after him as he started us on the long journey toward the realization of our ideal. Thank God, Boston College has not turned back, nor deviated, from the glorious objective of Father Gasson. Proclaiming the faithfulness of our quest, an alumnus, Timothy Wilfred Coakley, '84, thus wrote on the completion of the first structure, the Tower Building:

Because fact is born of vision, because Faith makes
all things whole,
We have prayed that our eyes be single and swerve
not from the goal.
Look! On the grass-clad hilltop, where chesnut and
maple blow,
And the groping elm trees yearn to the mother
green below,

Embodied in marble and granite, throned on the lake's clear blue,
Real as the sky and the sunshine, the Dream that we dared is come true.

Leaders

Almost four decades have passed since the construction of Father Gasson's building. Four other Gothic structures have risen on University Heights in partial fulfillment of his vision. To fill the class-rooms students have come in ever increasing numbers. Of the men who exercised a marked influence on these students, two, now passed on to their eternal reward, must be remembered. The first was Father Jones I. J. Corrigan, S.J., Professor of Ethics and Sociology for nineteen years. Such were the wisdom and the clarity of his lectures that Boston College men of the time counted them as among the events of their college career. What Father Jones I. had to say, was the constant topic of the Seniors. The reputation of the college was enhanced tremendously by his public lectures, given before numerous audiences, forums and conventions, as well as over the radio. Throughout New England and the East, Father Corrigan was listened to as the leading Catholic spokesman on the problem of public life, social conditions and peace. The second was Father Patrick J. McHugh, S.J., for fifteen years the Dean of Studies of the College. If ever a man gave himself with complete devotion to the men of Boston College, it was this kindly, lovable priest. Every day he entered his office at 9:00 in the morning and he left it only at 9:00 at night; all the while, busy though he might have been with the details of work, he had a glad welcome for the steady stream of students who came to see him. For each one of them he had not only advice and direction in studies, but hearty congratulation in success, strengthening counsel in failure, wise and kindly admonition when that was needed. So great was his fatherly interest that he knew the Chris-

tian name of every student who was ever at the college at his time. Nor did he forget them on their departure. Years later when he met the alumni at public or private gatherings he would always greet them affectionately by their first names. And just as in their student days, he would warmly rejoice with them in their triumphs, or sorrow personally with them in their griefs. Father "Pat" not only lived for the men of Boston College, he died for them; for the heart-attack which brought about his untimely demise was caused by his unremitting toil in their behalf.

Finances

Such were the men whose courage and faith form the greatest tradition of Boston College. It will repay us to examine further this courage and faith. On what resources, on what expectations were these pioneers justified in attempting the foundation of a college? Of financial resources they had none. Not a penny of state aid could they expect, not a penny did they receive. Of endowments they never even dreamed. If they looked to the people of their Religion, they could observe no philanthropists to render them assistance, for wealthy Catholics simply did not exist. They saw only immigrant laborers, as poor as themselves, if not poorer. Did they hope that non-Catholic students with family traditions of learning would be sent to them by educated parents, who had read of the great Jesuit colleges of Europe? The first fathers of Boston College knew that their students would all be the sons of immigrants, a people passionately eager for learning for their children, but a people deprived by centuries of persecution of the knowledge of their ancient intellectual heritage. Under such circumstances the obstacles to starting a college must have seemed insurmountable. Men of ordinary courage might well have excused themselves from the attempt. Not the founders of Boston College, for their spirit was heroic. They saw the need of a college which would elevate to

the finest culture a race of immigrants, which would give them an intellectual character bound to gain them the respect of the rest of the community, then perhaps the most cultured in the land. Even more they realized the necessity of a college which would raise up the sadly needed leaders of the Catholic people, the priests, the doctors, the teachers, the business executives. They convinced themselves that the fulfilling of all this was truly God's work. Then with sublime faith in His aid, they gave themselves entirely to the almost impossible accomplishment. We, their beneficiaries, today are witnessing the fruition of their farsighted vision, their undaunted courage and their unflagging zeal.

One thought in this connection, you, sons of Boston College, must never forget: all their vision, courage and zeal would have gone for nought, if these good men had not received the wholehearted co-operation of the immigrant poor, whom they sought to benefit. The faithful poor, lacking, through no fault of theirs, the culture and learning that comes from books, rallied to the support of the Fathers. They matched heroism with heroism, vision with vision. Even a modicum of this world's goods they could not claim; yet they opened their scanty purses and gave with unquestioning loyalty. A few dollars now, a few dollars again, that was all they could afford; but these they gathered together and presented to Jesuits that the children of their Faith might receive the education and culture which had been denied to themselves. Poorly-paid working-men with large families, or humble servant-girls, what sacrifices they must have made to contribute to the building of this college! God alone knows the hours of back-breaking toil that produced their hardearned money, which in all justice they might have spent upon themselves for the necessities of life, not to speak of its pleasures. But unstintedly they gave that these halls of learning might rise aloft. Gentlemen of Boston College, the walls of your college buildings are sacred, their stones are truly sanctified; because faith and love have constructed them, because

the sacrifices of the poor have brought them into reality. No wonder we cherish as the dearest traditions of our Alma Mater, great vision, strong courage and loyal sacrifice.

Because these traditions have been so faithfully followed all through the years, Boston College, today, is a great educational institution successfully fulfilling the university charter which she possesses. Some 6,000 sudents attend the classes of the various departments: the College of Arts and Sciences, the School of Graduate Studies, the College of Business Administration, the School of Law, the Intown College, the School of Social Service, the College of Nursing, the Institute of Adult Education, and the Seminary of Philosophy and Theology at Weston. The highest academic standards are maintained. The several divisions enjoy the recognition of the best accrediting associations in the American educational world, with the result that the degrees of Boston College are the equal of the similar degrees of the foremost American Universities and Colleges.

True to Father Gasson's planning, our college stands in one of the most beautiful campuses in America. How heart-warming to us all is the sight of Alma Mater enthroned upon the Heights, high above the blue waters of the lake, with her glorious Gothic structures rising up from the long green lawns and the rows of shapely linden trees. And her towers—"the Towers on the Heights"—the lovely delicate crown of the Library, the graceful tourelle of the Science Hall, and the lofty massive tower of the Administration Building, dominating the whole scene and "pointing to Heaven's own Blue," no son of Boston College can ever forget them! The remembrance of them cheered, and consoled and inspired the men of Boston College through all the terrible days of the late war, wherever they served, in the sands of North Africa, at the Anzio, on the Normandy Beach-head, amidst the islands of the Southern Seas. As Tom Heath '43, now

a theological student of the Dominicans, when an undergraduate, so feelingly expressed it:

What are you dreaming, soldier?
What is it you see?
A tall gray Gothic Tower,
And a linden tree.
You speak so sadly, soldier,
Sad and wistfully . . .
I cannot hear the tower bell
In the swirling sea.
What meaning has it, soldier?
A tower, bell and tree?
Nothing, nothing—only once
It meant my life to me.

Graduates

The training of cultured and religious-hearted gentlemen for the service of God and the good of our country, that is the primary purpose of Boston College. Alma Mater has certainly fulfilled that mission during the more than eighty years of her existence. About 14,000 boys have come to the class-rooms of Boston College seeking the education that stemmed from the Irish Monastic Schools, the Medieval Universities and the Jesuit Collegiate System. At the completion of their academic career they were sent forth stamped with the mark of Catholic Education. Several thousand of them became priests to serve as the intermediaries between God and their fellow-men at the Altar and in the Confessional; almost as many thousand embraced the teaching profession that they might fashion the youth in the ways of learning and character; hundreds trained to be doctors that they might spend themselves in easing the pains of suffering humanity; hundreds of others adopted the legal profession that they might assist in the administration of justice and in the protection of the weak and oppressed; still hundreds more have labored in the marts of business that they might assure the happiness and prosperity

of the nation. Most illustrious of all Alma Mater's sons is the one who was raised to the exalted position of a Prince of the Church, the late William Cardinal O'Connell, D.D., for almost forty years the able administrator of the great Archdiocese of Boston and the leading spokesman for the Catholics of America. Next to him must be ranked our beloved Archbishop, the Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, D.D., whose dynamic leadership inspires us all. Then follow twelve men of Boston College who as bishops have been numbered among the successors of the Apostles. Foremost among our lay-alumni may be considered Lt. General Hugh A. Drum, U.S.A., Chief of Staff to General Pershing in World War I, planner of the Battle of St. Mihiel, and Commander of the Eastern Defense Area in World War II; with him must be remembered Governor Charles Hurley, former Chief Executive of Massachusetts. The sons of Alma Mater, because they were trained by her in true patriotism, have always loyally responded to the call of our Country in her hour of peril. In the first World War, 1,286 Boston College men saw service, of whom 15 made the supreme sacrifice. Of these let one stand for all, First Lieutenant Stephen E. Fitzgerald, Co. L, 16th Inf., 1st Div. At Cantigny on May 7, 1918 while leading his company in a daylight raid upon an enemy machine gun position, Lieutenant Fitzgerald was seriously wounded in the head; he refused to turn back, only a few minutes later to be struck with another bullet and killed. He was the first alumnus of Boston College to die for our country in active combat. In the second World War 5,200 saw service, of whom 154 gave the last full measure of devotion. Of these, too, let one stand for all, Commander John J. Shea, U.S.N., who met his death on September 15, 1942 in the destruction of the airplane carrier *Wasp* off the Solomon Islands. Commander Shea's immortal letter to his little son, which so moved the hearts of all Americans, will live as one of the great documents of our country's history.

Such then are the traditions of Boston College,

descendant of the ancient monastic schools and the medieval universities, participant of the Jesuit system of education, product of the farsighted vision and unwavering courage of heroic priests, blessed result of the hallowed sacrifices of the poor. Such is your intellectual inheritance, as sons of Boston College. Because these traditions had been so loyally cherished in the hard years of the past, today Boston College flourishes as a great educational institution with a numerous student body, a wide and varied university programme based on the highest scholastic standards; today she sits enthroned upon her beautiful campus, the Alma Mater of the goodly company of her noble and heroic sons. Gentlemen of the Freshman Class, be worthy of the traditions of Boston College, be worthy of the comradeship of her sons.

BRILLIANCE

This is a mistake that parents and teachers almost always make. They are poor judges. They confuse intelligence with a gift for mimicry or quick assimilation, with slyness, or with superficial cleverness. Their brilliant scholars as a rule wither early. These sprinters who are off so early in the morning collapse on the first lap. The others, the real masters, the rightful sons of kings, take a longer time to attain their full growth. Ordinary people are constantly mistaken about them. They are never able to predict what brow is to wear the crown.

LOUIS BERTRAND

HISTORICAL NOTES

A DISPUTE BETWEEN PROCURATORS

In 1850 the provincial of the Maryland Province resided at Georgetown College. On September 12th of that year, Father James Curley (1796-1889) was appointed socius of the provincial and procurator of the Province while remaining a member of the faculty of the College. The local procurator, who was not overlooking anything, sent a bill to Father Curley for his room and board. That brought forth the following rejoinder which, without date or address, is preserved in the Georgetown Archives.

"It seems to Mr. Curley that it will appear singularly strange and unreasonable to Father Provincial when he finds that the College intends to charge the Province for Mr. Curley's board, etc.

"I have been eighteen years teaching, having care of the greenhouse; for the last eight or nine, I have had the care of the observatory and the confessions of three-fourths of those engaged for the College—and of all this, the Provincial freed me from one and a half hours teaching each day for this year, and for this relief you intend charging for my board. It is true that my name is down for socius and procurator and I spent an hour or two a day for some weeks looking over some old papers for the Province in order to burn useless papers. That is all I have done for the Province.

"I have the Sisters' confessions one evening, besides the recreation evening, each week, and once a month hear their children from two to five on Saturdays, but they keep me in stockings, shirts, flannel and cotton, drawers, collars, white handkerchiefs, cravats, habits and cloaks; and they make and mend all the albs, amices, purificators and vestments for the College, and sometimes other jobs. And for the second last play I brought seven or eight silk and velvet caps made from the silk and velvet belonging to the Sisters, that could

not be bought for less than a dollar and a half or two dollars apiece, so that the little done by me for the Sisters is not lost to the College.

"Now besides these things there is no scientific difficulty or information made to the College, from without or from within, that I am not necessary for, unless we risk the shame of much reflection. And for all this someone else must pay for my diet and lodging and as for the observatory I see no help nor any chance of help and now I have to take care of our plants or they would finally go to ruin."

Father Curley did not leave a record of the outcome of the dispute.

WILLIAM C. REPETTI, S.J.

CHINESE LITURGY

La Nouvelle Revue de science missionnaire, vol. II (1946), pp. 241-254, carries an interesting and balanced study of the brief of Paul V *Romanae sedis antistes* (1615) by the Reverend Dr. Joseph Jennes, C.I.C.M. (Scheut). The pope in this document, whose existence has sometimes been denied, gave the Chinese missionaries the right to wear a liturgical hat during the celebration of mass on the grounds that in China it was considered impolite and shocking to appear in public uncovered. Only those condemned to death were subject to this indignity. The Jesuit missionaries were also given permission to translate the bible into literary Chinese. Finally the very unusual concession was made to use literary Chinese as a liturgical language. The pope permitted Chinamen, canonically ordained, to say mass, read the breviary, administer the sacraments, and perform all other liturgical functions in literary Chinese but according to the Roman rite. St. Robert Bellarmine was strongly in favor of all these privileges and worked hard to obtain the brief.

Of these privileges the only one actually used was the first. From the early seventeenth, to the second half of the nineteenth, century missionaries in China said mass in a square hat about six inches high with fanons. Father Bartoli says that the Jesuit superiors decided against availing themselves of the permission to translate the bible into Chinese because it was a very difficult and dangerous task, it would require a long time and it was not necessary. The first translations of the whole bible into Chinese were the work of the Protestants Marsham and Morisson in 1823 and 1824.

The permission to employ literary Chinese as a liturgical language was never used. This was due, at the moment of concession, to various causes: a) the liturgical books: missal, breviary, and ritual had not been translated and it would have taken considerable time to do so. b) One of the principal reasons for according the use of the Chinese language was to ordain adults, bachelors and widowers. Now suitable material for the priesthood from these categories was to say the least not plentiful in the small Christian community. c) The see of Macao was vacant from 1623 to 1702. d) The position of the missionaries in China was precarious.

But why did the missionaries not undertake the preliminaries at any rate? Léon Joly opined that Jesuit superiors in Europe had forbidden them to do so because of Portuguese and Jesuit interests. Dr. Jennes after an examination of all known factors in the case comes to the conclusion that Father Carvalho, S.J., provincial of Japan, and Father Vieira, S.J., visitor of Japan, were unfavorable to the project. The Chinese Mission of the Society depended at that time on the Province of Japan. Father Longobardo, S.J., superior in China, had sent Father Nicholas Trigault to Rome to obtain the privileges without the authorization of the superiors of the Province of Japan. When the latter heard of the concessions they opposed them as inopportune and the general in Rome, learning that the

missionaries were not in agreement, forbade their use. The opinion of the celebrated historian, Dr. Gustav Schnürer (*Katholische Kirche und Kultur in der Barockzeit*, p. 566 f.) that, if concessions to the Chinese had brought about the conversion of China in the seventeenth century, the imperial influence on the Chinese church would have led to at least perpetual schism is of course only a conjecture. He at any rate would probably consider the action of the Portuguese superiors providential.

ABOUT PRAYER

A well-known story tells of a child who prayed very hard for something and did not get what she wanted, and who was thereupon teased and even taunted about it. "So you see," they said to her, "your prayer wasn't answered!" "Oh, but it was," she replied, "the answer was No." The first condition for prayer is reverence. We must bear in mind that we are asking a favour of One Who, while being the tenderest of Fathers, is yet the Most High God. To approach Him with a request while having buried in our hearts a concealed resentment, ready the moment He refuses the request to turn away with a shrug of the shoulders and a mutter to the bystanders "I thought as much; it's no good," that is not to pray with reverence. God sees the secrets of the heart. If there is a hidden hostility to Him, a want of confidence springing from a want of love, He may well withhold his favors in order to bring that secret poison to the surface. On the other hand, it may be quite the reverse. The little girl in the story had the right attitude. Deep down her trust and her love were such that even "No" did not shake her. God, seeing such veins of gold, may withhold his answer in order to bring *them* to the surface, to mine them and refine them into treasures of gold. It is important to remember that Almighty God is a Person, not a penny-in-the-slot machine. We must pray with confidence, but not with the sort of confidence that trusts to magic.

ENGLISH *Messenger*

OBITUARY

FATHER WILLIAM F. CLARK

1856-1947

When Father William F. Clark, S.J., died on February 25, 1947, a truly great Jesuit passed away. The word great is used, not in its current careless sense, but in the literal meaning. He was possessed of unusual physical endurance, he was an extraordinarily exact religious, he was a classical scholar of eminent attainments, and he was an administrator of marked ability. At the time of his death he was the oldest Jesuit in his province and the second oldest in the American Assistancy. Sober judgment pays homage to his memory.

William F. Clark was born at Smithtown, Long Island, on August 11, 1856. He heard of the retreat of the American troops from the Island during the Revolutionary War from an eye-witness. He was only fifteen years younger than Fordham University and lived to be present at its centennial celebration. He attended the little red schoolhouse in his native town. Later he was a student at St. Francis Xavier College in New York City. On January 7, 1876, he entered the Society of Jesus in the novitiate at Sault-au-Recollet, Canada. He made his noviceship, partly at the Sault and partly at West Park, New York, where he was one of the pioneers. From 1879-1882 he made his philosophical studies at Woodstock College, Maryland. He taught classics at Georgetown from 1882 to 1887. For theology he returned to Woodstock, where he was ordained, August 24, 1890. His fourth year of theology was spent at Louvain, Belgium. During his year of tertianship he was at Frederick, Maryland and he stayed on there as prefect of studies and professor of rhetoric. He became socius of the provincial on November 28, 1893, and after three years was ap-

pointed rector of St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia and consultor of the province. During the following eighteen years, he was prefect of studies at St. Francis Xavier College, St. Andrew-on-Hudson, first prefect general of studies for the province, prefect of studies at Holy Cross College, Canisius College, and Brooklyn College. In 1918 he was made rector of Woodstock College, and 1921 rector of St. Andrew-on-Hudson. From 1927 to 1935 he was superior at Kohlmann Hall, New York City. From 1935 to his death he acted as confessor at Fordham University.

To the casual observer Father Clark appeared to be frail rather than robust, but in reality he was possessed of suprising vigor of body. His early years had been spent in Smithtown, Long Island, on the ancestral farm, to which in later years he was fond of making his annual pilgrimage. Life in the open with the strenuous work of tilling the fields and tending the livestock had hardened his frame, developed his organs and muscles, and given him a physique that was capable of bearing prolonged and intense strain.

This endurance of body was also a heritage, for he came of sturdy stock, as is evidenced by the fact that his grandfather used to go horseback riding when he was 103 years of age. It was also due in a measure to the extreme sobriety with which he regulated all the details of his life. From the beginning he determined to make his body an obedient instrument of his soul. He succeeded in making and keeping it such, and as a consequence was able to accomplish an amount of work that others would have found impossible. He never seemed to need, and in fact he did not take, the vacations and relaxations that others found imperative. An example of his endurance was the apparent ease with which he faced the task of correcting blue books, a task which terrifies the normal man and has ordinarily to be taken in small doses. As prefect of studies, he believed it his duty to know the capabilities and deficiencies of the students. Therefore he made it his custom to assign weekly tests to the

various classes. These he corrected in person over the week-end and on Monday brought them to the classrooms for comment and correction.

To the very last he was a strict observer of domestic discipline, and never asked for, or accepted, any deviation from common life or the ordinary routine. It was unthinkable for him not to rise with the community and he simply never went to bed before the ordinary hour of retiring. He was practically never ill, never absent from his post of duty, never absent from ordinary recreations. Nor was this habit of regularity confined to his early and mature years. To the very end of his life he refused to accord any concession to his advancing years. He knelt erect at all community exercies of piety, as he did at his private devotions in his own room. He took his daily walk in all weathers, no matter how he felt. He had a healthy horror of taxis, and on rare occasions when he left the grounds, he took the poor man's mode of travel, avoiding as far as possible the house car. In his ninetieth year a serious operation was necessary to save his life. When fears were expressed of such an operation at his advanced age, the surgeon declared that such fears were groundless, that he was in good physical condition, with surprisingly sound organs. His recovery was phenomenal.

His four score years and ten might well have pleaded, even with so inexorable master of self as he was, for some mitigation of the severity of his self-imposed regime, but Father Clark was deaf to every such appeal. In his ninety-first year he was still the most exact observer of domestic discipline in the community. In this physical endurance, will power, of course, played a major part, for to those minor ills to which flesh is heir and which take their toll of even the strongest men, he refused to yield in the slightest degree. Certainly Father Clark was a man, if ever there was one.

Father Clark's physical vigor, however, was as nothing compared to his strength of soul. His spiritual life was formed in the school of the *Exercises,* and the

Exercises are preeminently a school of love. Two distinct influences were brought to bear in the molding of his character, both of them heroic.

The first of these influences was exerted upon his pliant soul by the Fathers of the New York-Canadian Mission in the novitiates at Sault-au-Recollet, Canada and at West Park, New York. These novitiates were permeated by the spirit of total self-oblation and complete dedication of self that had come from France and had made men like Jogues and Brebeuf and the other American and Canadian martyrs. This spirit found fertile soil in the soul of Father Clark, because he was by nature a forthright person, somewhat fiery in temperament, courageous in his convictions and resolute in the extreme. As a consequence the lessons taught him as a novice and a Junior left a deep impress on his life, which persisted to the very end. He had an uncompromising devotedness to Jesuit principles and ideals, which moulded his features into lines of determination and gave to his exterior deportment and to public expositions of the truth an inflexibility, that at times was mistaken for sternness and severity.

The second influence was exerted on Father Clark by the Maryland-New York Province, and it began at Frederick, Maryland, at the time when the New York Mission was separated from Canada and joined to the Maryland Province. This influence intensified the fortitude, which he had already learned, but tempered it to a gentleness without which he would not have been the man whom everyone loved. This spirit had come from England and had made the English Jesuits the heroic men they were. It had inspired many English Jesuits with the ardent desire to return to their native land from the security of the continent and to risk their lives in order to preserve the faith in the land of their birth. They had made the cruel pilgrimage from their disguises and hiding places to the horrors of the Tower and inevitably to Tyburn, and were heroes, one and all, in life and in death. But they had done so with a smile on their lips, like the

laughter-loving Campion and gentle poet Robert Southwell, and the Scot John Ogilvy, who could not resist joking with his executioners even on the scaffold. This spirit was not less heroic than that of the French Jesuits but was cast in a somewhat milder form. Its courage and its gentleness persevered all during the persecutions in the Colonies, kept the former Jesuits faithful to the ideals of the Society all during the time of the suppression, and brought them back to the fold of the Society immediately after the restoration. It gave them the title of "The Catholic Gentlemen of Maryland," a title that was both apt and richly deserved for they were Catholic to the core and gentlemen in the best sense of the word. It was this spirit which further refined the already refined young Jesuit and gave him that graciousness and understanding which were evident whenever Father Clark was consulted privately on personal problems and whenever he mingled in social life.

These two influences, similar but dissimilar, were fused into one in the case of Father Clark and made him the strong, courageous, inflexibly loyal, but always kind, gracious, gentlemanly and saintly priest that all who knew him agreed that he was.

At the very outset of his religious life he had realised that his rule book was for him the clear expression of what God wished him to do. Therefore no novice was ever more sedulously careful in the observance of all the Constitutions even in the last details than was Father Clark; no superior was ever more solicitous to preserve in his community the ideals and customs of the Society; no member of the Province was ever more of a polished gentleman in his relations with God and his fellow-Jesuits. He was preeminently a man of prayer, and he devoted his leisure time, as his rule demanded, to exercises of piety. He never told any one how many meditations he made each day or how many hours he devoted to prayer, but he certainly gave more than one, for those who sought him in his room would often find in his

hands either Meschler's *Life of Christ* or some other meditation book. His rosary would be in his hands as he walked about the college grounds, or as he paced up and down his room, and he must have said his beads many times a day. He was a chosen director of souls, a painstaking and inspiring confessor, an ardent preacher; his exhortations and retreats were aflame with a burning love of God. About him there was an atmosphere of otherworldliness and innocence, filled with the sweet odor of Christ. His presence in a house was a reminder of higher things, an inspiration and a spur. As a consultant on the spiritual life and on sacerdotal and religious perfection he was much in request. His influence on Jesuits, diocesan clergy, religious and persons living in the world was profound and permanent.

His soul was dedicated to the fulfillment of the divine good-pleasure, and nothing was permitted to interfere with its accomplishment. He sought the greater glory of God always and everywhere, and took the best means, no matter how hard, to attain it. He was absorbed in the pursuit of perfection, and in striving for it gave himself no quarter. He was like St. Ignatius in this, that he was seemingly unaware or at least indifferent as to whether the task to which he was assigned was pleasant or not; his pleasure was to do as he was bidden. What was said of St. John Berchmans might well have been said of him, as it was actually said: if the rules of the Society had been lost, they might have been reconstructed by copying his life. He was like St. Paul, and although he would have been horrified if any one had remotely suggested the similarity, many thought that the words of the Apostle, "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me," were in a very true sense verified in Father Clark. Undoubtedly he walked constantly with God, undoubtedly he was a priest after the heart of Christ.

Father Clark was a thoroughly educated man, he was a distinguished product of Jesuit education at its best. He was a philosopher, theologian, he was well

versed in history, especially ecclesiastical history, he was a linguist, but above all he was a doctor of letters. The educational training which he received began in the little red schoolhouse at Smithtown, Long Island. The conditions were rather primitive, but the teacher was good and the training solid. At once it became evident that he was possessed of extraordinary talent and that he would profit by higher opportunities than those afforded by a village school. Accordingly he was sent to St. Francis Xavier College in New York City. The distinction between high school and college was not then so sharply defined as it is now, the curriculum was not so crowded, classes were not so numerous, and more individual attention was given to individual students. The *Ratio* was strictly followed and insistence was laid mainly on the literary formation. Here as in elementary school, Father Clark made rapid progress, and while he was proficient in all his studies, he was outstanding particularly in those of a literary character. By the time he entered the Society his love for the field of letters was already firmly established.

This is the reason why the trait for which Father Clark was perhaps best known and for which perhaps he will be best remembered was his love for the classics, and especially for the Greek masterpieces. He was deeply versed in the linguistic side of the ancient languages, but this knowledge was quite secondary in his mind to the literary side. To him Greek was the language of languages; it was the pure gold of literature, and he loved it in a very special way. Grammar interested him as an intellectual exercise, but much more as the key to the exquisite elevation of the thought, the chaste beauty of the expression, and the matchless music of the rhythm. He had large portions of the Greek texts by heart, and to attend a Greek play was for him sheer pleasure. What Tennyson said of Virgil Father Clark might have said of Sophocles, that he loved him since his days began. In-

tricacies of meter, subtleties of construction, textual criticism, and the immense amount of learning about the text that is necessary for the modern scholar interested Father Clark very little. He loved the text itself. Greek became for him almost a second native language. He read the Greek plays as others read their Horace or their Shakespeare. Towards the end of his life, when he was gradually divesting himself of all attachments and emptying his heart of lesser loves in order that he might concentrate more on the love of God, and casting aside lesser interests in his absorption in the one thing necessary, he questioned his soul as to whether or not he should close his Greek books forever. He was advised not to do so, because earthly beauty made him more avid of heavenly beauty; the masterpieces of men made him yearn for Christ, the masterpiece of God; the vision of temporal greatness and grandeur made him long for the eternal beatific vision.

Father Clark's love for the classics left him somewhat bewildered in the presence of modern literature and plays and movies. He found little in them to satisfy him. He found it difficult to be interested in the banalities which captivate the modern mind. The main reason for this was the fact that his thoughts were dwelling more exclusively on the things of God and he was finding himself more and more of an alien in a strange land: but a minor factor in his growing aloofness from the things that interested others was the undoubted fact that he had dwelt so long on the heights that he found it difficult to descend to the commonplace.

It is not surprising that a man so accomplished in scholarship and so deeply versed in Jesuit principles should have been entrusted during the major part of his mature life with positions of authority. Immediately after his third year of probation he was appointed prefect of studies in the Juniorate and for forty-three consecutive years he was employed in posts of increasing responsibility, and this without inter-

ruption. After a single year in the Juniorate he was made socius to the provincial and one of the provincial's consultors. This was the more remarkable, because only a few months previously he had pronounced his last vows. Three years later he became rector of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia. During his rectorship he enlarged the college buildings and made a deep impression on the Catholic life of the city. Then after four years, he laid down the duties of superior and became prefect of studies.

As prefect of studies he was God's gift to the province. He passed from high school to high school, and from college to college, somewhat after the manner of a kindly visitation of providence. He hated sham, false pretences and compromise. He believed that high school and college standards should be maintained at no matter what cost. He had no sympathy with the theory that inefficient work on the part of the students should be tolerated on the plea that less good done to a greater number was preferable to great good done to the lesser number. He weeded out lazy and incapable students consistently and persistently. He demanded that promotion from one class to another should be deserved, and that graduates had to prove themselves worthy of the degree conferred upon them. High standards were maintained wherever he found them and lower standards were raised wherever there was need. As a consequence his passage through the province took the form sometimes of house-cleaning, always of renovation. Certainly he played a large part in fixing the high standards of scholarship that exist at the present day, and equally certainly the educational institutions of the province owe a large debt to Father Clark's intellectual honesty and fearless insistence on ideals.

His success in dealing with individual colleges led superiors to entrust to him a larger field. He was the first to be appointed prefect of studies for the whole province. He initiated the custom, now in practice in the whole Assistancy, of having a single person supervise

educational work throughout the province. He visited all the universities, colleges and high schools, studied the methods of teaching they employed and their curricula, visited classes, appraised academic standards, conferred with officials and the members of the teaching staff, and rendered a detailed report of his findings both to the rector and the provincial. This experiment proved so successful during Father Clark's tenure of office and so beneficial that it was incorporated into the educational system of the province and has never been discontinued. That the experiment proved to be so eminently successful was due to the fact that he was a man of extraordinary intellectual attainments and ideals, that his courage, tact, the objective character of his judgment and his honesty inspired universal respect, and that so far from seeming to trespass on the individual autonomy of the institutions visited, he was welcomed as an efficiency expert, kindly, helpful and well-qualified to criticise and advise.

This work in educational fields took eighteen years of his life and was very dear to his heart. He was now sixty-two years of age, and had richly deserved a rest, but he was too useful and important a man to be allowed to retire from strenuous labor. Having done so much for the institutions devoted to the education of boys and young men, he was forthwith assigned to the supervision of the educational institutions devoted to the formation of Jesuits. A rector was needed at Woodstock and Father Clark was immediately appointed to the post. The task of superior was less congenial to him, but he accepted the appointment with his customary generosity and obedience. During his incumbency as rector he preached in season and out of season, by word and much more by example, the highest intellectual and spiritual ideals. He held this post for four years.

Meanwhile a situation had developed in the novitiate which called for gifts such as he possessed. St. Andrew-on-Hudson had become a complicated place. There were a number of quasi communities within the com-

munity. Residing at Poughkeepsie there were the Fathers of the third probation, the scholastic novices, the lay brother novices, the postulants, and the first year philosophers, each group a separate entity, each with its own educational and formative problems. The situation demanded a superior of wide experience and varied gifts. Father Clark was ideal for the position. Accordingly he was transferred from the rectorship at Woodstock to the rectorship at Poughkeepsie. For six years he was the guiding spirit of the place and the model of all that a Jesuit should be.

His administrative duties, however did not end with his retirement from St. Andrew. He was at once appointed superior of Kohlmann Hall and put in charge of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and the Apostleship of Prayer. In this post he remained for seven years. These years, happily, were tranquil years, without burdensome anxieties. When they were completed he was seventy-nine years old, and at last superiors decided that he should have a rest, and this in spite of the fact that although tired he was still hale and hearty in body, still keen of intellect, still indomitable in will.

Accordingly he crossed the Fordham campus and was installed in the Faculty Building, not as Spiritual Father, but as a sort of supereminent spiritual director and chaplain emeritus. Even so he was not to enjoy complete rest, because when Jesuits of his own communities or of other communities were beset by problems, they sought, almost as of course, the advice of Father Clark, and his advice was always sound, reasonable, and in accord with Jesuit ideals. He heard innumerable confessions. The diocesan clergy singled him out as confessor and spiritual director. Nuns consulted him on religious perfection and the laity were assiduous in seeking his help.

These ministrations, however kept him only moderately busy and left him leisure for that intense life of prayer which had always been the desire of his heart. He never ceased to be a vivid and vital member

of the community and province, but he became more and more otherworldly, more absorbed in God, less interested in world events, less concerned about mundane affairs. He had reached the land of peace, he was drifting placidly towards eternity. He had done his work, the work his heavenly Father had given him to do, and was making ready to go home. These twelve years of preparation for heaven were probably the happiest years of his life.

Father Clark's work was not confined to the needs of his own province, he was called on to render service to the Society as a whole. Several times he was sent to Rome to take part in Congregations, but his most important Congregation was the one which elected Father Ledochowski General of the Society. The death of Very Reverend Father Wernz, when the First World War was reaching its full momentum, left the Society without a General at one of the most crucial periods of its existence. Serious problems, not only for the welfare of the Society but for its very existence in parts of Europe and in the foreign missions followed in the wake of the war and made the choice of General capable of meeting the menace an urgent necessity. The Provincial Congregations throughout the world chose the electors of the General with the utmost care. These electors had a most difficult and important duty to discharge. They had to be men deeply versed in the Constitutions, vividly alive to the problems confronting the Society, men with a keen insight into character and of intimate acquaintance with the trend of world affairs. One of the two men chosen by the Maryland-New York Province to elect the General was Father Clark. His choice was a clear indication of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow Jesuits. He went to Rome and took part in the election of Father Ledochowski. How fully justified was the confidence reposed in him is evidenced by the fact that Father Ledochowski is generally admitted to have been one of the greatest of the long line of great men who have governed the Society.

Such is the very inadequate record of the things accomplished by Father Clark in the course of his long and laborious life. His inner life is far less well known, if known at all. He was intensely spiritual, and, to a large extent, as a consequence, lived apart from men. Few, if any had his confidence; very few shared his friendship. He was kind and gracious and helpful to all; he was deeply interested in all that concerned the Society and the Church; but in purely worldly events he was less and less interested as he advanced in years. All those who were associated with him respected him deeply and reverenced him and did him homage in their hearts; but it is doubtful if any one, not bound by secrecy, was permitted to read the things that lay close to his own cloistered heart. Occasionally he did unwittingly let others get a glimpse of his love of God, sometimes in a flash of indignation when the divine rights were neglected or assailed, sometimes in an exhortation or a sermon or a retreat when the smouldering embers burst into flame, sometimes in the expression of his countenance when he was thinking thoughts too deep for words; but always he kept the secret of the king. His spiritual life, as all who knew him realized, was his real life, and it was so sacred a thing that no one even dreamed of penetrating its consecrated sanctuary. Obviously he walked with God, and this divine intimacy built around him a holy circle into which no one dared to intrude. So it is with those who live close to God. There must be loneliness in their lives. The best of themselves must be kept for God and God alone. So it was with Father Clark. In his exterior life he was far from singular. He made it his care to be like others in everything. But his interior life was a thing apart. His thoughts and affections dwelt in heaven.

This impression of him was experienced by his fellow-Jesuits; it was also shared by the lay-persons who came within the sphere of his blessed influence. Some extracts from a letter written by a layman-con-

vert, on the day of Fr. Clark's death will show how he impressed one whom he had taught to lead a life of retirement and prayer.

"There was something about Father Clark that charmed and fascinated me from the first instant that God in His goodness and love brought me to him. There was an air of exaltation about his whole being; you were made to feel that he lived and moved in realms such as only the blessed inhabit. He reminded me of those who are already in heaven because he was so far-removed from those many things which occupy most people and which distract them from the contemplation of God.

"Father Clark was, I think, a saint. Therefore, people will always find it very difficult to speak adequately about him. So much escapes in the written word. He lived and moved in an atmosphere that was charmed and influenced by what cannot be found in the lives of others who are not saints. There was a holy rigour about him, but it failed to depress, and the austerity of that rigour was more consoling and more heartening than all the softest qualities found in other men.

"I often try to call to mind those wonderful evenings that I spent in his presence and all the things we discussed. It was a conversation wholly spiritual and its theme was eternity. I often think of this now and it seems like something heavenly, no longer within my reach. Father Clark succeeded in evoking hopes and longings which only prayer can stir up, so that to be with him for a time was like being close to God.

There was an atmosphere, a radiance, an influence that made one believe he had access to things hidden and unknown to men. He was in his old age like a great sage, a tower of strength, with something of the force of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. You went to him with the confidence of one approaching a saint whose insight into the hearts of men was coloured with heavenly vision. I looked upon Father Clark with such awe and admiration that I was tempted frequently to let him know how I felt concerning all his great wisdom and learning. Yet, I dared not so much as hint at it, for he would not have been pleased."

Another letter expresses the same thought somewhat differently:

"Father Clark, as a truly great man, no doubt had much to suffer from misunderstanding, and so he probably found himself much alone. He was austere because he was so aloof from the interests of men, and the things that mattered so much to him were very little appreciated by the majority of other men. He

lived in a world far-removed from the reach of the ordinary man and therefore he became quite estranged from the bustle of everyday life. To him the one thing necessary was all that mattered and it was for that alone that he lived. I asked him what places to avoid in order to lead a more perfect life and he replied: 'Avoid all places where you do not hear the word eternity mentioned frequently'. This type of answer sums up his own character. Eternity was the key to his soul's aspirations; his whole life was but a contemplation of that kind of life we shall live forever after we die."

The end came suddenly. In his ninetieth year Father Clark had survived a major operation, made a remarkable recovery and returned to Fordham to continue his preparation for eternity. Although he was believed to be in reasonably good health, superiors were solicitous about him, because his advanced age indicated that, in spite of appearances, his health must be at best both fragile and precarious. Frequently he was sent to the hospital for minor ailments, but always, after a few days, he was pronounced to be in excellent condition. An annoying chronic nervous disease bothered him somewhat, but he never made much of it, and was reluctant to undergo the bothersome treatment necessary for a cure.

Towards the end of February, he was again sent to the hospital. He was suffering from three minor ailments, but neither doctors nor nurses could find any reason for alarm. He did show signs of distress, but, this was attributed, not to any serious complication, but rather to the fact that he had never been ill in his life and was inexperienced in dealing with pain. His mental condition at the time was very alert. Two days before he died he had a visitor. The Jesuit who was sitting at his bedside told him of the fact, for Father was resting at the moment with his eyes closed. The visitor said, "Father I come to offer my sympathy. You do not know me, but I was at St. Francis Xavier forty years ago, when you were there." Father Clark opened his eyes and said "Hello, Raymond." Such was his phenomenal memory.

This was on Sunday. On Tuesday the Spiritual Father left him about five o'clock in the afternoon. There were no remote signs that Father Clark's condition was serious, much less that he was in any danger of death. At ten minutes before eight, however, that same evening, he suddenly stopped breathing. It was the end. There was no apparent medical reason why he should have done so. Perhaps, like Our Lord, he died of love. In truth he was weary of this world and ready for heaven. He was a good and great Jesuit priest. The province owes him a deep debt of gratitude.

R.I.P.

BROTHER JOHN McMULLAN

1876-1948

Brother John McMullan was born at Cornagilla, Convoy, County Donegal in Eire on June 29th, 1876. His parents were Robert and Jane (O'Donnell) McMullan and he had two brothers and four sisters. John attended the National School until "the fifth book". On leaving school he went to his uncle Joseph O'Donnell at Dromore near Letterkenny and learned the blacksmith trade. He stayed with Mr. O'Donnell until 1900 when he passed over to Scotland. There he worked at his trade at Glasgow. Later he worked in the mines at Motherwell. The working conditions in those days were often miserable enough and Brother McMullan recalled mining coal standing in water up to his knees. For a time he also practised his trade in the mines shoeing the company's mules.

The four years John McMullan spent in Scotland were broken by a single visit to his family in Ireland. He came out to America, however, directly from Scotland. The reason was that, though he loved Convoy and his family, he had no taste for the sad sendoff which emigrants to America received. There was so much weeping and wailing as relatives and friends accompanied those departing to the station that it reminded John McMullan of a wake and he was determined to avoid it.

In 1904 John McMullan came to the United States and stayed for a time at the home of a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Quinn, in Philadephia. During the next six years he worked at the Baldwin Locomotives Works, then located in Philadelphia, and later at a plant where roller bearings were manufactured. For some time he boarded with a Protestant family. His parish was Our Lady of Sorrows but he used to go to confession to Father Benedict Guldner at the Gesu. This zealous priest remarked the young man's good life and solid virtue and asked about the future. John McMullan had no desire to marry and was advised to become a Jesuit brother. He entered the novitiate at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, New York on Christmas Eve 1910. He was thirty-four at the time and found it rather hard to break into Jesuit life. Father George Pettit, the master of novices, successfully guided him through this difficult period.

Early in January 1913, Brother McMullan came to Woodstock where he was destined to spend the rest of his life. In those days the College had a blacksmith shop located opposite the Greenhouse on the site of the present kitchen. For a time Brother McMullan helped Brother Hill, the College blacksmith. But Brother Langan died that year and Brother McMullan was given charge of the heating plant, an office he retained until his death, enjoying during the last few months the capable assistance of Brother Laurence Fitzpatrick.

As a religious Brother John McMullan was most exact in the fulfillment of his religious exercises. He

was always prompt for the early Mass although at times he was up at night working on the heating system. In chapel even in his last years, when he suffered a good deal, he usually knelt upright. Every evening on weekdays he could be found in the chapel making the Stations and finishing his prayers even though he might have to hurry away to work again afterwards. On Sundays he spent a longer time at these exercises.

Brother McMullan was a true servant of the Blessed Virgin and from the days of his residence in Our Lady of Sorrows' Parish always kept a picture of the sorrowful Virgin about him. He esteemed St. Grignion de Montfort's *True Devotion* and recommended it to others. His devotion to the saints was evident from the pleasure he found in reading their lives and from the saintly tenor of his ways. He was also a client of the Holy Angels and used to relate how one night he awoke at 2 A.M. and, without knowing exactly why, went down to the boiler room. He found that Charlie Smith, the workman on duty, had fallen sound asleep and that the boilers were red hot. They were forced to draw the fires until the boilers cooled. Brother McMullan did not say so, but it was easy to see that he felt that his guardian angel had awakened him. Brother McMullan was a truly silent and humble man and had no use for flattery of any kind. He was of the opinion that the scholastics in their St. Alphonsus Day entertainments sometimes went a little beyond the limits which good taste should have imposed.

Brother McMullan was always sincerely interested in his work. He sought out and eagerly read any scientific articles or books relating to boilers, electricity, welding, etc. The result was a real competence in his line. Although naturally very reserved, he liked to talk with his friends among the brothers on these subjects. He had a retentive memory for history and liked to read it for recreation. He knew the Old Testament as well as the New and used to speak of Tubalcain "who was a hammerer and artificer in every work of brass and iron" (Genesis 4, 22).

Brother McMullan was a good organizer and the boiler room and its dependencies always ran smoothly under his direction. Industrious and hard working, he demanded more of himself than of his subordinates, some of whom were non-Catholics. All his associates esteemed their boss and were punctual and devoted in their work. One of them said that Brother McMullan was not pugnacious in any way and could get along with anyone. Among his superiors he esteemed especially Father Vincent McCormick and, when he heard of his election as Father Assistant, he immediately exclaimed with unwonted decisiveness: "He is worthy of it, he is worthy of it."

During the last two years of his life, Brother McMullan who had never been robust, was in failing health. Nevertheless he continued his important work and was as regular as ever in his spiritual exercises. On the occasion of the thirty-fifth anniversary of his coming to Woodstock in January 1948, a modest celebration was held in the refectory with some songs and a few well-chosen words of appreciation by Father Rector. When Father General heard of this he sent a special blessing: "Per Reverentiam Vestram peculiarem benedictionem paternam Fratri Coadiutori McMullan libenter mitto, qui tot longos annos tam bene de Societate meritus est" (I gladly send through your Reverence a special fatherly blessing to Brother McMullan, who has deserved so well of the Society for so many long years). Not long afterwards Brother McMullan was sent to Mercy Hospital for a thorough examination and treatment in the hope that his life might be prolonged. But the physicians were not able to do much for him. On his return to Woodstock he was so weak that he was forced into inactivity. He no longer had the strength to hold his tools. The doctor advised walking and Brother McMullan, although it cost him a good deal of suffering, endeavored to comply with the counsel.

On Pentecost Sunday, May 16, 1948, the last day of his life, Brother McMullan arose and attended the

early Mass. About noon he asked one of the Brothers to bring him something to eat, as he was not feeling well. When the food was brought he took only a little bread and some soup. Not long afterwards he said to the Brother: "You had better call the Spiritual Father because I might die tonight". The Spiritual Father came and Brother McMullan was anointed. Shortly after he entered on his agony and died piously in the Lord at 6:20 P.M.

On the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Woodstock in 1944, Brother McMullan was honored with the other Fathers and Brothers who has spent twenty years or more in the service of the College. It was said then and it should be repeated now: "Woodstock thanks Brother John McMullan for the long years of his devotion, for the immense service of his faithful skill and craftsmanship, for the blessings which his prayers have drawn down on us, and for the priceless treasure of his quiet example of devotion to the ideals of our Jesuit life. Our beloved Brother McMullan has cared for the metal work and the heating of our house without interruption for thirty-five years. He has filled Woodstock with the warmth of his furnace and the warmth of his charity, and Woodstock will be forever grateful."

R. I. P.

Narrow Is

Narrow is the mansion of my soul; enlarge Thou it that Thou mayest enter in. It is ruinous; repair Thou it. It has that within it which must offend Thine eyes; I confess and know it.

St. Augustine, *Confessions*, I, 4.

VARIA

The American Assistancy.—

Alaska—Father Paul C. Deschout, superior of the Mission, writes of one of his stations: "I am miles away from my beloved nest on Nelson Island in a place called Chfrnk (without vowels); where there is no teacher, no postmaster, no white man, but a fine group of natives and all of them Catholic, keeping me on the go. The men-folk are away now after the mink. The women-folk are wearing out the floor of the church. Can't keep them out of church; daily communicants, etc. My many natives come first, always did and always will. They smell of fish, but they never fail to draw me closer to God. If the Lord likes the simple, humble and poor, why the Eskimos here are living (if smelling) saints."

Truk—Father William E. Rively writes: "Truk was misnamed. It should be called the land of song. Everybody sings and they sing very, very well. The fishermen sing plaintive chants for favorable winds. The children sing, in school and out. The carpenters working outside my window are singing in parts. Give these people any melody and they will sing it immediately for you in two, three, or even four parts. The Mortlock islanders are excellent in six parts. Every night I am lulled to sleep by the delicate strains of love songs and lullabies in the distance.

"Truk is beautiful. It is an atoll, about forty miles from reef to reef in diameter. Within, 13,000 people dwell in twelve good-sized islands. The sea is almost always calm. There is just enough rain to insure good crops. There is always a gentle breeze blowing. The islands are volcanic in origin and nearly all are mountainous, rising to above a thousand feet. Vegetation is thick, food is plentiful, the natives are healthy. The men look like bronze supermen and the women are

strong enough to rear a dozen children and keep house. It is a land of peace, plenty and contentment."

From Other Countries.—

Canada—At Spanish, Ontario, Father Joseph Richard entered upon his ninety-sixth year on February 6th. His eyes are his weak point and his fear of an accident holds him back from saying mass. He used to be a student and a great reader but his reading is now done for him by Indian boys appointed for that purpose, whose pronunciation he corrects. In scientific knowledge of the Ottawa and Ojibway tongues, Father Richard has always stood alone among modern Jesuits. In fact he has always modestly disclaimed the title of Indian missionary and has said that a philologist's interest in a beautiful language, more than real zeal for souls, is what drew him into the Indian mission field. The guardian angels of the unnumbered Indians he has helped to heaven during over sixty years of ministry think otherwise; and so did the trappers and the fellow-missionaries who marveled at the speed and endurance on the trail of this lithe, little man, who even at fifty could turn a standing back somersault. At ninety-five, Father Richard is well and straight and active and always smiling and cheerful.

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At Toronto on Sunday, January 16th, before a gathering of about 350, among whom were many prominent people, invited by the Loyola Guild, Father Daniel Lord outlined his plans for a mammoth pageant, or rather, as he prefers to call it, masque of the martyrs. The pageant endeavours to reproduce and to relive with historical accuracy scenes from the past. The masque aims instead at awakening by metaphor and allegory a realization of the meaning and of the spirit of other times.

The commemorative representations this coming

summer will be given first three times at Fort Ste. Marie, Midland, in the last days of June and the first days of July; and then will be repeated in the Coliseum, Toronto, shortly after September 26th.

Everything is to be done on a very large scale. Since a hill is needed, the scenario requiring that four distinct stages be set and several scenes take place on each stage on their four different levels, the hill of Fort Ste. Marie will be reproduced in Toronto. There will be lavish changes of scenery, actors, wigwams, Indian villages and even modern Toronto appearing and disappearing as if by magic; gorgeous lighting effects; a full-scale orchestra; a choir of 250 voices; a cast of over 750 performers; much movement in the action; dramas within the central drama; great variety of background—stockaded village, wilderness or city; all the wealth of colour, of contrasting manners, of varied costumes, of song, of dances, people of today, both whites and Indians, men and women and children of 300 years ago, "courreurs-de-bois," soldiers of France, British tars, Hurons in their villages by their council fires, the Mohawk or Iroquois aggressors; as well as, of course, the eight heroes, the Blackrobes, shown first in their simple Jesuit garb, and then, after their martyrdom, in brilliant scarlet.

The masque might be epitomized as the Triumph of Failure; or more explicitly, "From the Ashes of Huronia Arises Canada." The masque has a distinctly patriotic no less than a religious appeal. Entering as an underlying theme into several of the musical numbers are the bars of the Canadian national anthem, "O Canada." The title of the masque is "Salute to Canada."

Belgium—During the winter of 1947-1948, twenty-two motion pictures of great value, including *The Keys of the Kingdom, The Song of Bernadette, How Green Is My Valley,* and *Henry V,* were shown at our College of Verviers. Attendance was obligatory for certain classes whose members were required to write

essays on the films which were also discussed in class. Since the power and poison of the cinema resides in the spell of passivity it throws over the spectator, the object of the course was to teach our students to criticise the films from an artistic, as well as a moral, viewpoint. To this end each seance was preceded by a commentary by Father Robert Claude on the film about to be shown. At Tournai an additional forty-five minutes are devoted to critical discussion and analysis of the film and to the reshowing of the best reel.

Brazil—The funeral of Father Lionel Franca (1893-1948) at Rio de Janeiro last September was a national event. Among those present were the Cardinal Archbishop of that city, the Apostolic Nuncio, a personal representative of the president of the Republic with the vice-president, several ministers of state, many senators, deputies and magistrates. Senator Ferreira de Souza said in a speech in the senate: "A learned man and a saint, Father Franca is one of Brazil's greatest glories, a magnificent example of a man in the fullest meaning of the word: philosopher, theologian, sociologist, a man of letters, ever among the first in every field of science." At this point the orator was interrupted by Senator Fernandes Tavora with this affirmation: "Father Franca's death is the greatest loss that could befall the Brazilian clergy." "Not only the clergy," continued Senor Ferreira, "but also the country's intelligentsia."

Brazil inaugurated recently a magnificent highway through a mountainous region. At places the road reaches an altitude of 2,500 ft. The government decided that this road, which is considered a marvel of engineering and a national glory, should be called after Father Anchieta, as an official token of gratitude to "the sixteenth century Jesuit who opened along the coast and through the interior of the country the road of civilization in Brazil."

China—A Jesuit historian, Father Ruleau, has unearthed at Korne the fascinating details of the signing of China's first international treaty. Oddly enough, it was made with Russia. In 1689 China and Russia were on the verge of war. Negotiations were tried but each side, being ignorant of the other's language, suspected trickery. So the Chinese emperor elevated to the rank of mandarin two Jesuit missionaries who knew both languages. In a tent on a barren Siberian plain, between the nervous Chinese and Russian armies, the two priests, one a Portuguese and the other a Frenchman, worked out in Latin the historical treaty of Nerchinsk.

France—Father Felix Volpette (1856-1922) of the Province of Lyons burned all his life with the desire to do something to better the lot of the working class. Always on the lookout for new means of doing so, he began by organizing visits to poor families with the aid of the older students at our College at St. Etienne (Loire). Later he arranged for distribution of food at the College. But this did not satisfy his zeal. One day he read in *Le Temps* that a Madame Hervieu at Sedan was allowing the poor to cultivate small portions of her estate as gardens. This idea appealed strongly to Father Volpette because it implied effort on the part of the poor to better themselves. It would also help family life by giving the members a common task far from the unhealthy atmosphere of the slums. In 1894 Father Volpette began to look around for land. Beginnings were rather difficult as many thought that the plan was impractical. Not to be discouraged, Father Volpette rented five acres and divided it among the neediest. In the course of time other fields were found. When Felix Volpette died in 1922, each of 1500 working men belonging to his association had a plot of ground to cultivate. And other groups had also been founded. The work prospered after the death of the founder. In 1940 there were 2,500 gardens. During World War II, rationing in-

creased the number to 6,500 and at present there are about 6,000. The Fathers in charge aim at developing a spirit of order, initiative and economy in their proteges. Special care is taken to obtain good seed. Father Volpette dreamed of the time when the gardeners could abandon the slums and live on the land. To this end he erected seven houses. Great difficulties arose, however, since the gardeners did not own the land. The houses were sold.

India—On December 6th the Indian Constituent Assembly adopted the much debated article on freedom to propagate religion. There had been fears that the word 'propagate' inserted in the draft would be finally deleted. The article reads as follows: "Subject to public order, morality and health and to the other provisions of this part, all persons are equally entitled to freedom of conscience and the right freely to profess, practice and propagate religion." Pandit Lakshmi Kant Maitra said in the Assembly that "this glorious land would lose all its spiritual values and heritage if the right to practice and propagate religion was not recognized as a fundamental right." He said he was sorry that observations had been made regarding the Christian community's proselytizing activities. The great Indian Christian community was the most inoffensive community in the country. They were spending over Rs 2 crores every year on maintaining educational institutions and other institutions for the uplift of the people. Mr. K. M. Munshi refuted the suggestion that the Christian community was unduly active in the matter of conversion. The Indian Christian community wanted the right to propagate their religion because it was part of their founder's injunction.

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The Christmas 1948 number of *The Harvest,* published by the Jesuits of the Goa Mission, carries the following letter from Swami Animananda Alvahi, S.J., a modern disciple of Father Robert de Nobili:

"The time seems to be ripe when we should approach the educated and higher castes of the non-Catholics with the light of the Gospel. Up to now our work *ad paganos* has been mainly with the lower and poorer classes. But to approach the caste people, it seems to me, as it has seemed to so many others, that we should adapt ourselves to the ways of dressing and eating of those we wish to evangelize, as much as that is possible. Rev. Fr. Superior of the Mission has allowed me to dress like a *sanyasi.* I wear a saffron gown—a combination of a soutane and a *sanyasi's* "kavi vastram", a shawl on my shoulders, a sort of turban on my head, sandals instead of shoes. In my hand is the *sanyasi's* pilgrim staff and on my breast is a large crucifix. I have been allowed this garb as a kind of a test case. If I succeed in my work others will be given permission, with due authorization, to follow suit. I have also adopted a strictly vegetarian diet and have given up eating meat, eggs and fish. The higher classes of Hindus think that Christianity is foreign to India because of our, supposed-to-be, Western ways. This, it seems to me, is one of the reasons why we are persecuted and why obstacles are put in the way of our apostolate. I kindly request you all to pray that this new project and this novel approach may yield fruit in souls."

Italy—*Time* for December 20th, 1948 carried an account of the debate at Cagliari, Sardinia's rugged hillside capital, between Sardinia's No. 1 Communist, Senator Velio Spano, and Father Riccardo Lombardi who has gained international prominence by his nationwide "Crusade of Love."

An account containing some additional and interesting details is contained in the January *Ai Nostri Amici,* a publication addressed to benefactors of the Sicilian Jesuits. We reproduce it here:

"An exceptional event, reported at length in the Italian press, was the debate which took place at Cagliari on December 5th, 1948 between Father Lombardi and Senator Spano on the subject: 'For humanity's good, Christianity or Communism?'

"The Communist had provoked the meeting by issuing a challenge. After prolonged negotiations, both sides accepted the subject mentioned above. Only forty persons, twenty of each party, were admitted to the hall and they were pledged to strict silence. The

public could, however, follow the debate by means of loud-speakers.

"While the members of the jury checked watches, the principals conversed. 'Senator,' said Father Lombardi, 'when Communism fails, call on me at any time. I will do all I can to help you.' 'It will not be necessary,' Spano replied, 'Communism will not fail.'

Father Lombardi used the half hour allotted to him to develop the thesis that the salvation of humanity in the present crisis will come from Christianity whose spiritual view of life does not exclude interest in man's economic welfare. Christian spirituality has influenced material life by the struggle against slavery and by the countless Catholic charitable enterprises. Christianity welcomes all reforms. Its very preoccupation with the spiritual, by spurring men on to virtue, will raise material standards of life. For Marxist Communism, on the contrary, man is not essentially different from the brute; economics dominate history and the materialistic ideology is bound to triumph and destroy all others. Communism's victory could only mean the ruin of humanity. Father Lombardi affirmed that he could only hope for its destruction. He made it clear, however, that he is not against Communists but against Communism.

"The answer of Senator Spano was twofold. In the first part he tried to answer the charges of his adversary. In the second he read his prepared discourse which rehearsed the well-worn arguments of all anticlericals. His rebuttal led him into contradictions and blunders which Father Lombardi did not fail to point out in the additional quarter of an hour allotted to him. Spano had maintained at the outset that Christianity had no care at all for material things. Later on he accused it of corruption and of not being Christian enough in the matter. The machine, he asserted, and not Christianity had abolished slavery and added that it took Christianity nineteen centuries to abolish slavery in America. 'Are you joking?' Father Lombardi asked, 'How is it possible to say that Christianity took nine-

teen centuries to conquer slavery in America when America has been discovered only four? You make man out to be the descendant of beasts,' Father Lombardi added, 'and that is the antithesis of Catholic thought. I have the proofs and one day I shall publish them that there is a plot against my life. I have no fear! I have no fear! I have no fear! Senator, when we shook hands at the beginning of this debate, I told you that there is one thing I desire above all others, not to see you in hell. God knows I would do anything to save a soul from hell. It seems to me there is nothing nobler than to lay down one's life for another. Yes, the noblest thing of all is to give our lives, as Jesus did, for our enemies.'

"At the end of the debate, the Communist senator extended his hand to Father Lombardi who drew his adversary to himself and embraced him. This was perhaps the most striking moment of the whole affair. In the public squares of Cagliari and throughout Sardinia tens of thousands listened to the discussion. There were no incidents. Applause broke out among the throngs only once and that was when Father Lombardi noted the blunder of Spano in regard to America."

Japan—The number of Catholic missionaries who entered Japan in the three years since V-J day is the same as the number of Protestant missionaries, 338 each. There are now 947 Catholic and 350 Protestant missionaries in Japan. The difference arises from the fact that Catholics from neutral and Axis nations remained in the country throughout the war.

Plans are being completed for the construction this year of a large Boys' Town in Japan, under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers of the Tokyo University, and the Trappists of Hokkaide who will be in charge of professional training.

Mexico—Father J. Amozorrutia has discovered as the result of fourteen years' research, a new hormone which he has named Poli Hormone. The new prepara-

tion has a decisive effect against asthma and similar ailments. Lilly Abbot, an American firm, is expected to produce it and make it available to the public.

Portugal—Father Francisco Rodrigues da Cruz, S.J., one of Portgual's most beloved priests, has died in Lisbon at the age of 89. He joined the Society of Jesus, by special authorization of the pope, when he had been a priest for no less than 58 years and was 81 years old. Pius XI greeted him once in Rome with the words: "Ah, here comes the saint of Portugal." Cardinal Cerejeira loved to serve his mass. He was the father of the poor, of the orphans, of the sick and of all those in need. As such he was known up and down the country, on all whose railways he had free passes. At the time of the Fatima apparitions he was sent to test the truth of the children's story.

ABOUT PRAYER

How are we to attain true trust? One part of the answer consists in saying what we are *not* to do: we are not to try to engineer a feeling of security within ourselves, as if the answer to our prayer depended on the strength of that feeling. Just as the way to be happy is not to seek happiness but to do duty, just as happiness eludes us if we snatch at it, like the dog with the bone in his mouth who dropped his bone in order to snap at the other bone that he saw—reflected on the surface of the pond—so due confidence will vanish if we fix our attention inside ourselves, trying to stop up all the cracks and hold ourselves in a state of unwavering confidence. It does not work. The moment you start watching yourself to see if there are any chinks of diffidence or distrust in the balloon of your trustfulness, the gas rushes out with a hiss. The right way is to forget self and fix the attention on God. Trust Him because He is good. Make *his* goodness and love the foundation of your trust, not any feeling of your own. Then, almost without noticing it, you will begin to pray with the faith that moves mountains, because you will pray with a love that is deeply rooted in adoration and in the truth that God is the Infinite Goodness, the Being who is Love.

ENGLISH *Messenger*

Books of Interest to Ours

The Bible and Early Man. *By Humphrey J. T. Johnson.* The Declan X. McMullen Co., 1948.

How are those chapters of the book of Genesis which recount the early periods of human history to be understood? Father Johnson replies that we must seek for a solution to the problems involved "by the study of the literary forms in vogue in the ancient East." Within the confines of this comparatively slim volume, an array of fascinating facts and even of the more improbable theories is presented to those readers who are seeking a stimulating picture of the position of science and dogma relative to the questions arising from a consideration of the Bible and "The Origin of Man," "The Fall of Man," "The Unity of the Human Race," "The Early Ages of the World," and "The Deluge." These five chapters are introduced by two which investigate "The Source of Modern Difficulties" and "The Evolution Controversy."

One feels that the author, in an effort to telescope his thought, becomes at times almost cryptic and leaves himself open to misunderstanding.

However, for the advanced student who wishes a brief, comprehensive survey of the complexities surrounding the problems concerning "The Bible and Early Man," this book should prove illuminating.

G. G. Butler, S.J.

You Can Change the World. *By James Keller, M.M.*, Longmans Green and Co. New York, 1948.

Like their patron saint, Father Keller's Christophers are in the ferry business. This books aims at instructing and inpiring the individual member who would bring Christ safely across the secularistic waters which separate Him from the temporal order. The basic idea of the movement, the power of the individual to radiate Christ, is developed and illustrated with scores of anecdotes. Concrete opportunities for personal apostolate are explained in detail.

The book is a model of popular apostolic writing. Born of firsthand contact with the men and women of America, it baptizes the inspirational technique exploited by Dale Carnegie: a slogan, a story, a suggestion. There is of course a difference. Carnegie's appeal was to the Babbitt spirit. Father Keller stirs up enthusiasm for a crusade whose sacrificial aspects he glorifies.

Optimism permeates these pages. Father Keller leaves to others the task of profound analysis and dark prophecy of disaster. Acknowledging the gravity of the situation, his is the asumption that the Church is the perpetuation of the Incarnation and that God has placed in our hands the shaping of our destiny. "Better to light one candle, than to curse the darkness." His appeal to the non-Catholic echoes the papal invitation to all men of good will to cooperate in the solution of a crisis which is primarily human.

However superficial the impact of the book may be on a secularist world, it should help to produce a more favorable climate of opinion by making men, if not ideally Christian, at least more Christian. It is not meant for readers of Gilson or Merton. It is aimed at the millions who read the *Readers' Digest.* It will tell earnest souls what they can do.

T. E. Clarke, S.J.

Essays and Sketches. Works of John Henry Newman. 3 volumes. *Edited by Charles Frederick Harrold.* Longmans, Green and Co.

One cannot study Newman without a guide. That the late Professor Harrold is a qualified guide, is indicated by the favorable reviews of his study of Newman's thought and art which appeared some years ago. Henry Beck in the *Commonweal* and Alvan Ryan in *America* agreed in praising this balanced and penetrating introduction to Newman.

Great as Newman was, he wrote countless short pieces, timed and directed to questions of the moment. These essays appeared in periodicals and, consequently, were at times of ephemeral value. Professor Harrold winnows the grain and eliminates the chaff. It is not a question of abridgement but rather of judicious selection. In all three of these volumes there is only one example of condensation.

Not only has Harrold chosen well, he has also explained the reasons for his choices in his valuable introductions. These comments draw attention to works which might easily be overlooked; for example, *The Tamworth Reading Room,* in which Newman permits himself such freedom, such an agile and personal style in asserting the supernatural quality of revealed religion.

The publishers intended to republish Newman in twenty volumes. It is to be hoped that Harrold's death, with only six volumes in print, will not put an end to this useful venture.

M. A. Hill, S.J.